

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1870.

## TOO GOOD A HOUSEKEEPER.

*After the German of F. Gerstaecker.*

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

IF ever a couple seemed destined for one another, it was young Dr. Henry Wahlborn and his affianced bride, Sophie Metkorn, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do *bürger* of X—. Certainly a finer looking couple did not exist. The young man had been so fortunate as to have an admirable opportunity of forming an estimate of the young lady's character before paying his addresses to her. As family physician, he had attended her mother during a tedious illness; and having access to the house at all hours of the day for nearly a year, he could not fail to be impressed with Sophie's excellent management of household affairs, and her never-wearying tenderness and judicious care of the invalid.

Young Dr. Wahlborn was the very personification of order and neatness, and, in comparison with the many untidy dwellings which he found so terribly out of order in his early morning visits, the Metkorn household appeared a perfect model to him. Let him come when he would, he found the whole house neat and tidy, and Sophie herself looking as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox; and once when he had occasion to glance into the kitchen, he was attracted by the glittering tinware, which shone as though of solid silver.

And Sophie was always dressed so simply—never out of style, and yet without any of those absurdities of ultra fashion! She always looked well, elegant even. To be sure, this was easy for her, for most things are becoming to a pretty face, and Sophie was indeed very pretty. In fact, it was marvellous that the doctor so long resisted her charms.

She was both economical and thrifty. He chanced once to overhear her driving a bargain with one of the vegetable-dealers, and was

struck forcibly by her earnest, business-like manner. To be sure, it was but a matter of a few cents, yet, "who knows not the value of a trifle has no appreciation of more important things."

Dr. Wahlborn had a little property of his own besides the income from his rapidly increasing practice, and he felt now able to take a wife, even if she could bring him no dower. As soon, therefore, as his mind was fully made up, he set to work without delay, and one day, when the mother, who was now convalescent, had been sent off to the baths for a fortnight, he proposed to Sophie, and was made, by her blushing acceptance, "the happiest of mortals." Of course, the parents must be consulted, and this the young folks attended to when they had the matter all settled between themselves. A joyful consent was given, and very soon the nuptials were celebrated, if not with splendor, at least amid a circle of warm, true friends.

After that, the young couple made a wedding tour through Switzerland, returned home to receive the much-dreaded calls of congratulation, and finally settled down to enjoy their peaceful household happiness. They really possessed everything requisite to make an unpretending home happy—even little luxuries were not wanting. Sophie understood how to arrange everything to look so neat and homelike, and gave herself no rest the whole day long until she had transformed the tiny house into a perfect doll's palace. Wahlborn never wearied of watching her, and could not make up his mind which to admire the most, her taste, her industry, or her perseverance.

During his absence upon their wedding tour there had been an accumulation of professional demands upon the young physician

which must now be met, and being a regular correspondent of one of the most important medical journals, he was also obliged to set to work at once in preparing his next contribution. It seemed strange, yet he had to acknowledge to himself that as he sat writing, or as he came to and fro from visiting patients, he felt disturbed, almost annoyed, by the perpetual cleaning and setting to rights, and by the strange faces of those engaged upon the work. He would rather he and his little wife could have had the house to themselves just during these first days—that was all. But, then, all this was a pleasure to dear Sophie, and, of course, the work would be entirely completed soon—to which blissful juncture he looked forward longingly.

Sophie was certainly a model of a little wife, and managed her housekeeping as none other could have done. There was just one wish her husband had regarding her after they had been married awhile, and had a chance to become better acquainted with one another's ways; and that was that she could devote a little more time to reading—he almost feared she was not fond of it. Her house was small, yet she found plenty to do in it, and the work never seemed to come to an end.

Sophie played the piano very prettily. She was no artist, but simple pieces she executed with much feeling. During their engagement she had often charmed the young physician in the twilight hours by playing for him some of his favorites, for he was passionately fond of music. Now, of course, there was no time for that, and the twilight hour no longer existed for Sophie. So soon as it was dark the lights must be lit to give her a chance of getting through with her ever-increasing labors. The doctor often teased her about her knitting, which, of an evening, when she had no sewing or embroidery convenient, was never out of her hands, and told her, but playfully, of course, that knitting was as disagreeable to him as smoking to her. She did not seem, however, any more inclined to eschew the former than he the latter, and as soon as he found the subject annoyed her he forbore to mention it.

One day Wahlborn came home a little out of his usual time, and found his study turned completely topsy-turvy. In the middle of the room was a woman upon her knees wiping up the floor with a wet mop. His writing-table, upon which he had left, among other things, a heap of notices cut from the papers, was carefully set to rights, his papers all arranged in

piles according to their size, and the "little snips" the girl said she had thrown into the fire. His book-shelves were empty, and his books were on the porch outside the window, all neatly dusted, but utterly in confusion, according to his ideas.

Now the doctor was far more neat and systematic, especially in his study, than most scientific men, and he could lay his hand in the dark upon every book, almost every scrap of writing there. It delighted him to have his little *sanctum* always neat and clean, but when he saw the confusion that now reigned he was almost enraged, and had to guard himself well not to show how angry he really was. And the worst of it was he could not see to putting things back to their places himself, for he was obliged to set off at once to visit a patient who was dangerously ill. Sophie, however, soon reassured him by her loving promises to put everything back just as she had found it. She remembered exactly how the books had stood, she said, and if she should chance to get one here and there wrong, he could easily put it in its place. When, finally, Wahlborn returned and found that, after all, Sophie had arranged the books in accordance to their size and similar bindings, he had to laugh in spite of himself. Pamphlets seemed to have found no favor in her eyes; she had them all neatly tied up in packages, and thrust into a corner out of sight. It actually took Wahlborn the whole of the next forenoon to bring about anything like his old order, and he could not avoid a feeling of bitterness at finding some of his most valuable papers and notices irretrievably lost.

Sophie was now approaching a time when it was advisable to begin to spare herself somewhat. Yet her never-wearying industry vouchsafed her no rest, and, notwithstanding the warnings of her husband, she was more active than ever to make time for the dainty sewing on hand.

The young couple had commenced life in the most domestic way, for neither cared for pleasures that must be sought away from home. Wahlborn had no taste for saloon or club, he played neither billiards nor cards, and hated especially to discuss politics in the bar-room. From eight o'clock in the evening he usually devoted himself exclusively to his wife, and then he would have enjoyed reading with her, or having some music. But Sophie was never entirely through with her household cares, and if her husband read aloud to her she had to jump up and run out to give orders to her

servant so often that her mind must inevitably wander from the subject. Each time she returned to her seat she had completely forgotten all that she had heard before, and had to ask so many questions it greatly marred the interest of the reading.

One morning when the doctor came in to breakfast, he said to his wife—"My love, I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend from Stralsund just now, whom I have not seen for years. I shall bring him up to lunch at noon; you need make no ceremony with him, and—"

"But, dear Henry," said the young wife, "to-day, of all days, it would be most inconvenient. I shall have cleaning going on to-day, and I beg you—"

"Cleaning?" said Wahlborn, rather taken by surprise; "if I am not mistaken, my child, you had cleaning done last week."

"Yes, but we are not through yet. Surely, Henry, you like to see your house clean and in order," said the young wife, slightly piqued.

Wahlborn did not trust himself to discuss the matter, lest he should excite her in her present delicate condition, and merely asked—"Then it would not suit you to-day, my dear?"

"Not at all—certainly not—now. I might have managed if I had known it a few days ago. Perhaps we can arrange it for Sunday."

"He leaves again to-morrow."

"That is unfortunate—well, perhaps he will come again soon to X—"

Thus the matter was settled, and Wahlborn dined that day at the hotel with his friend.

A short time after this the doctor's services were required to perform a difficult surgical operation in a neighboring town. He made arrangements to be absent from home four days, that he might himself watch the results of the operation. It so happened that the results were so favorable that, at the expiration of two days, he felt there would not be the least danger in leaving the patient to the care of the other physician, and he joyfully hastened home.

But he reached there too soon for his wife. The whole house was turned upside down, his own study not excepted. The weather without was as disagreeable as one could well imagine, cold and stormy, a misty sleet pervading the atmosphere. A hateful draft swept through the whole dwelling, in which not one habitable room was to be found, and Wahlborn paused disheartened upon the threshold, surveying the universal desolation.

"Why, Henry," cried his wife, startled at the sudden apparition, "I thought you would not be home for two days, and had promised my-

self to have everything in fine order by your return."

"Yes, my dear child," replied the husband, with a sigh, "and I had promised myself pleasure in getting back to the comforts of home—but, Sophie!" he exclaimed, suddenly interrupting himself, "you will take your death of cold here—it is very damp. If this business is absolutely necessary, you should at least not risk your own safety. Why don't you stay in your own room?"

"It is being papered, dear," said the young wife. "The paper looked so badly, and as your birthday comes next week, and we want to invite our parents and a few friends, I could not bear to leave it looking so forlorn. What are you looking for, Henry?"

"Oh! nothing, my child," said her husband, "only a book I left here when I went away. I wanted to refer to it about a case I have on hand to-day. Have you seen it? I left it just here. It was bound in green, and rather shabby-looking."

"Yes, Henry," said the wife, coloring up a little, "I saw it, and it was so very shabby I sent it off to the binder's—"

"Heavens!" cried the young physician, "you sent that book to the binders? Why, it was full of most important notices!"

"But, Henry, it looked so shabby, it was fairly ready to tumble into pieces," was the half-frightened reply.

"Then I beg of you to send one of the servants to fetch it home at once, just as it is," said Wahlborn, exerting every faculty to retain his composure.

"What! take them from the work, Henry? Won't it be time enough this evening?"

Wahlborn still held his portmanteau in the left hand, and resolutely swallowing every expression of impatience lest he should excite his wife, and lest the strange working-women should notice something amiss, he simply inquired—"Is there any dry place in the house where I can put my portmanteau? I will go myself to the bookbinder's. Have you anything for dinner to-day?"

"To be sure, Henry, but only cold meat. I had not counted upon you to-day, you know."

Wahlborn gave a low whistle, and then smiled a little, the whole scene was so comical. He then cast a hasty glance around, which only served to further convince him that there was no place for him, and then turned down the steps to repair to a hotel. His mind, however, was so much occupied with various thoughts incident upon the adventure, that he even for-

got to give his wife a kiss, which caused her to shed just a few tears.

First of all he started in quest of his book, thus rescuing at least a portion of his notices; then he repaired to the club where usually he spent but an hour at noon to look over the papers. There was no place for him at home, and impelled by the desire to at least find some occupation, he turned his attention to learning the game of billiards, and soon became deeply interested at discovering the facility with which he could acquire skill.

For the first time since his marriage, he remained from home until ten o'clock at night. When he did return, he found his wife awaiting his coming in tears. She was not feeling very well, she told him, and would gladly have gone to bed, but she was too anxious about him to do so. At once he tried to pacify her, but it was long before she was thoroughly calmed.

The next day the work in the house must be completed, but Sophie was too unwell to oversee it herself. She had probably taken some cold, and was obliged to keep her bed. To prevent the house from being left too entirely to the mercy of strangers, Wahlborn felt obliged to neglect some visits he should have made to be at home at least part of the day. Everything seemed to go wrong this day; even the cook was infected by the universal confusion—the soup was too salt, the meat too well done, the coffee not fit to drink.

So things went on, until finally Wahlborn began to accustom himself to his fate. One thing, at all events, he had learned, that he could not alter the case, and that nothing was left for him to do but to keep out of the way as much as possible. He fell gradually into the habit of frequenting the saloons, and came to spend at least an hour every evening in playing billiards.

Soon, however, there came a time when one day Sophie presented her husband with a most charming little boy. The heart of the new-made father was filled with pride and joy, and once more he resumed his habit of spending his leisure hours at home. Yet it could not continue long thus, for no sooner was the young mother about again, than her energetic spirit was at work with renewed force. Not only the babe, but the very addition of the nurse-girl, seemed to add to her cares and labor. In fact, this nurse-girl business was an everlasting source of trouble to her. Not only was it difficult to find one fully competent for the duties of the position, but when she did light upon

such an one, she found her not so willing to be directed in every trifling particular as a less competent person. Therefore, during the first few months, she changed several times, sometimes falling thereby into difficulties with the other servants, always throwing the household into general confusion.

During the past year, Wahlborn had become more and more engrossed in literary pursuits—such, that is, as pertained to his profession—and had assumed the entire editorship of a medical journal. Therefore, it was no longer possible to permit his study to be overhauled every moment at will, lest the safety of his numerous MSS. and papers should be endangered. So he fell into the habit of locking the door whenever he went out, lest his *sanctum* should be invaded during his absence even by a servant with a harmless dustbrush. This hurt his wife deeply, and she took pains to let him feel it.

One day he sat at his writing-table, surrounded by books, to which he was referring for proofs regarding a certain experiment he had been engaged upon. He was disturbed right in the most engrossing part of his researches by loud talking in the passage outside the kitchen door. He was not long in recognizing the voice of his wife engaged in a contest of words with one of the servants—he had so often begged her to avoid loud talking in that passageway when he was writing in the study. He was half tempted to go out and ask her to keep quiet; but then he hated to interfere in household matters. Work was out of the question, however, and after several vain efforts to proceed, he sprang up and began impatiently pacing the floor.

In the course of twenty minutes there came a lull, and, with a murmured "thank God!" he resumed the interrupted studies. Scarcely had he got well under way when the door burst open, and his wife, with flushed cheeks and eyes still flashing, made her appearance. Dropping down upon the first chair, she began—"It is perfectly incredible! Henry, only think, Katharine has broken the handle off the new butter-pot, and we have scarcely had it in use three days."

"My love," said the doctor calmly, "I am very much engaged just now——"

"And she had the impudence to tell me," continued the excited Sophie, "that I would break as many things as she if I had so much scouring and cleaning to do every day."

"Don't you think she may have been right?"

"But surely you must admit she was to



blame? At all events it was enough for me, and I have given her warning."

"I am very sorry," said Wahlborn with a sigh, "for Katharine is really an excellent cook, and makes particularly good coffee."

"Only think, Caroline tells me," continued Sophie, heedless of his remark, "that she often complains of the work, and thinks we have too much washing and cleaning done. As if it concerned her, when we hire help."

"Dear love," said Wahlborn, who had been fairly sitting upon nettles all this while, "how often have I implored you to spare me such domestic gossip, especially when I am engaged writing! Even the ill luck of the butter-pot would have been time enough to impart to me this evening, if I *must* know it."

"You are never interested in anything I may say to you," said the young wife, no little piqued, "and I have no one else to go to but you"—(this last very piteously.)

"But, dear child, when I am at work! You see how busy I am, and the loud talking in the passage has caused me to lose a great deal of time already."

O Henry, how unkind you are! You know I cannot speak in a whisper when obliged to scold the servants."

Sighing, Wahlborn turned once more to his books, but he had utterly forgotten what he had been about to search for.

"Oh! by-the-way," commenced Sophie, again, "I had almost forgotten—we must have a new lock put on the pantry-door—Katharine has mislaid the key, and it won't be safe to leave it unaltered."

"My dear," cried Wahlborn, growing positively impatient, "I am very busy just now, I cannot alter the lock; why don't you send for the locksmith?"

"I shall not trouble you any further," cried the young wife, springing up hastily—"I see that I am in your way—it did not use to be so," and putting her handkerchief to her eyes she hurried from the room.

Wahlborn made a half movement to follow her—he could not bear to hurt his wife's feelings—but his indignation soon got the better of him, and he resisted the impulse. He turned back to his work, and soon was so engrossed that the whole affair had passed from his mind. Similar annoyances were of too common recurrence to make any very lasting impression.

As years rolled by, matters in the Wahlborn family, so far from improving, grew daily worse. Sophie Wahlborn was considered by

her acquaintances a model housekeeper. She was certainly neat to a fault, a careful, devoted mother, in most respects a kind-hearted woman, yet she never comprehended the mistakes *her* ideas of order led her into. Her household was her world, yet she did not in the least realize how little she managed it to bring real comfort and pleasure to herself or her husband, and how little she was doing to be a companion to him, or to fit herself to be one to her children when they grew older.

Nothing could be more accurately timed than the work in the house, everything went like clockwork, and it never seemed to enter Sophie's mind as within the range of possibilities that even the hour of a meal could be altered upon occasion to suit either her own convenience or that of her husband. So when the latter was detained by any professional engagement, he fell into the habit of taking the meal thus interfered with away from home. As the family increased, naturally work, too, increased, but Sophie always had the privilege of hiring as much help as she wanted. Yet she never was at leisure to talk with her husband, unless it might chance to be about her petty domestic trials, especially her servants whom she was forever changing. She was always directing the sewing, cleaning, washing, or something, and when her husband was talking to her, she would interrupt him in the middle of a sentence to scold a servant, or give orders to one of the children.

By-and-by Wahlborn inherited quite a nice little fortune, which enabled him to give up his practice and devote himself almost exclusively to his medical journal and scientific researches. The entire morning he devoted now to writing and study, the afternoons he spent partly at the public library, partly amongst friends, his evenings he passed at the club where he now bore the reputation of being the best billiard and whist player. Naturally his interests were drawn more and more from his home, and every year he grew more and more indifferent to the wife whom he *had* loved with his whole heart.

All this by no means escaped Sophie's observation, and it caused her many moments of unhappiness. She never dreamed of the cause, however, for she considered herself to have been in every respect a most faithful wife. Her house was kept in perfect order, her children well managed, she had no pleasures or interests from home—what could have weaned her husband's affections from her?

She had a talk with her mother upon the

subject, one day. The old lady shook her head knowingly, and assured her daughter that this was one of the growing social evils of modern times. In her day, she said, men were content to pass their leisure hours in their homes, now they *all* went to the saloons, she fancied. It was one of those things that could not be altered, and Sophie had better make the best of it.

Yet, I think, notwithstanding the mother's opinion, any impartial reader of these pages will see wherein lay the fault. Of course, it is the duty of every wife to see to the "ways of her household," but it should be as a means of comfort, not as the sole aim and object of life. Many a man has been driven out of his domestic tastes by just such an experience as that of our friend Wahlborn.

## THE TEMPLE OF SCHOE-MADOU, AT PEGU.

BY C.

**M**ADOU is a corruption of Mahadeva, or God, and Schoe means golden; when they are taken together, Schoe-Madou signifies the God of gold.

This temple is one of the loftiest and most remarkable buildings in Asia, curious from the character of its architecture, the antiquity of its construction, and the profound veneration in which it is held by the natives.

Pegu, the former capital of the kingdom of that name, was a large and magnificent city, until 1757, when it was attacked by the Burmese conqueror, Alompra, who destroyed it, dispersed a portion of its inhabitants, and led the others away captive. The numerous temples of Pegu were the only buildings which were left; and when the city was rebuilt in 1790, all these edifices were neglected, except the great Temple of Schoe-Madou, or the God of gold.

Among the Burmese, gold is the symbol of excellence; they consecrate it to their gods, and attribute its qualities to their king. Their temples, and all that belongs to the king, have the epithet Schoe, or golden. The name of the emperor is never mentioned except in connection with this precious metal. When a Burmese states that the emperor has heard of anything, he remarks, "that it has reached the ears of gold." One who has had an audience with his sovereign, has been "admitted to the feet of gold." A noble Burmese once remarked to an English ambassador, that the perfume of otto of rose was grateful to the nose of gold.

The Temple of Schoe-Madou is built on a double terrace. The first is ten feet high, the second is twenty, and both form a parallelogram. The lower one measures thirteen hundred and ninety-one feet on one of its faces, and the upper, six hundred and eighty-four

feet. Large stone steps lead to these terraces, and at the base of the staircase are two lions which seem to guard the entrance. On each side are the residences of the rhahaans, or priests. They rise four or five feet above the ground, and comprise a single spacious room, in which are benches to rest on. The temple is a pyramid built of brick and mortar, in which there is neither hollow nor opening of any kind. It forms at its base an octagon, which becomes round as it rises. Each face of the octagon is one hundred and sixty-two feet broad, but the immense diameter of the pyramid diminishes rapidly; it rises three hundred and thirty-one feet above the terrace on which it is situated, and is three hundred and sixty-one feet high. It is crowned by a kind of iron parasol, termed *tée*, without which no temple is complete. This *tée* is fifty-six feet in circumference, and a large number of bells are attached to it, which, when agitated by the wind, keep up a constant tinkling. The Peguans believe this temple to have been built two thousand three hundred years ago.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

EVERY true man is a worker. The idler is a drone for whom no one has any genuine respect. Only to the worker does God give the blessing of rest and peace. The sleep of labor is sound and sweet; but the idle man tosses through weary nights on his restless pillow, and rises unrefreshed at morning.

WORDS are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the drizzling rain; but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

## WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

### WOMEN AS TEACHERS.

NOWHERE is the contrast between the wages of men and women so strikingly exemplified as in the vocation of teacher. The duties of a woman teacher are equally as onerous as those of a man—indeed, they are identical with them—and are quite as faithfully performed. A majority of our teachers are women, and the strictest conservative does not hesitate to hold up this employment as one for which they are eminently qualified by nature. They are engaged in all our public schools, oftentimes holding positions of high responsibility; yet in almost every case we find a man placed in nominal authority over them, and he, while performing little of the real drudgery of teaching, receives a salary twice or thrice the amount of theirs.

When the question is mooted why the pay of one sex should be so out of proportion to that of the other, the invariable reply is that "the men have families to support, while the women have not." This distinction is not made between man and man in any department of business. Why should it be between man and woman? "With my present salary, I dare not have a family to support," was the saucy rejoinder of a brilliant and efficient lady teacher, on hearing the old excuse urged.

But if this is the real reason, why is not a careful investigation made into the domestic affairs of the lady teachers, to find how many of them have families partially or entirely dependent upon them, and then the pay of these increased accordingly? Such inquiry would result in the discovery that one noble, self-sacrificing teacher is denying herself every luxury, and many necessities, to add to the comfort of aged or invalid parents; another has a widowed mother dependent upon her; a third is paying for the education of a brother; a fourth trying to help younger brothers and sisters to make a start in the world; and so on, until it would be found that this was the most baseless of excuses.

Another fallacy is that men's clothing costs more than women's. Men's personal habits—their pleasures, their recreations, and their vices do; but these are not to be counted among necessities. If in the purchase of their clothes

each sex is guided by the same spirit of economy and sense of fitness, and if equal care be taken of them afterward, I think it will be found that it costs less to dress a man than a woman. A woman must have more changes of apparel, and there are numerous small but expensive articles of her wardrobe that are almost totally omitted in a man's. There is no more reason or fitness in a man going to his daily duties in the school-room dressed in fine broadcloth, than there would be for a woman to make silk and velvet her daily attire when engaged in the same duties. Yet there are many men who, while they think the cheaper American fabrics are the best that a woman needs in the ordinary circumstances of life, still, never feel at home themselves except in imported goods, or the most expensive of our domestic manufactures.

A woman may save something in making her clothes; but when she does this, she should be allowed the benefit of her industry. It should be no more required and expected of her, and taken into account in the adjustment of her pay, than of a man. Besides, a teacher who performs her duties well and thoroughly, has little time to devote to her needle; and, if she is expected to give the full attention to her work which it requires, she should be spared this necessity.

Again, we are told—though this is the flimsiest argument of all—that a woman is not often required to pay so much for board as a man. As though the twenty-five or fifty cents a week difference in board could be held as an offset for the ten or fifteen dollars a week difference in wages!

I believe there is a gradual improvement in wages of women teachers in some of our larger cities; but they are yet far lower than they ought to be. Some of the arrangements in times past have been so unjust, that a mere mention of them ought to be sufficient to excite the indignation of every right-thinking person. The teachers of Philadelphia, early in the war, petitioned for an increase of their pay, alleging as a reason the increased expense of living. The women were then receiving salaries ranging from two hundred to three hundred dollars—some few, possibly, as much as four hundred dollars—per year, but all of them

shamefully mean in their amount, while those of the men were from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars. Their petition was granted, and their salaries raised—*twenty-five dollars a year* for each woman, and *one hundred dollars* for each man! But it remained for the city of Rochester, New York, to render itself pre-eminently contemptible. On a petition of a like character, they raised the wages of the men teachers one hundred dollars each, while twenty-five dollars were *deducted* from the salary of each woman teacher; and as there were more than four times as many women as men employed as teachers, there was, if I mistake not, an actual saving to the city of fifty dollars! The time ought to come when that city will feel ashamed of this record, and try to make atonement for it by more strict justice in the apportionment of wages.

But it is only in the cities and larger towns, I fear, that there is any, even the most gradual, change for the better. In rural districts the young woman teacher receives from five to six dollars per month, and that relic of barbarism, "boarding round," is still preserved. If the teacher possesses a reputation for superior excellence, twelve dollars per month is considered a generous compensation.

A recent writer in the *Overland Monthly*—a California magazine, which will compare favorably with the best of our eastern publications—has been discussing the question: "Are our Public Schools a Failure?" But, among many reasons for their present inefficiency, and excellent suggestions for their improvement, he fails to lay stress upon one important point—the meagre wages which are paid to the women who are employed as teachers. A good teacher cannot afford to teach for three hundred dollars, or even five hundred dollars, a year; or, if she be obliged to do so, her mind is of necessity so occupied with personal matters, the result of her insufficient pay—small economies of time and money—that she cannot give her entire thoughts and best energies to her work.

But the fact of insufficient wages is not the only reason why we have poor schools. There comes back the old charge which must be made in every department of labor against the majority of laboring-women—that of incompetency. Where one girl selects teaching as a profession, and carefully and deliberately qualifies herself for it, there is a score of girls who enter the business because it seems to them an easy and convenient way of earning a little money. When the young girl reaches sixteen or eighteen years of age, she begins to desire to

spend something more in personal adornment than is, perhaps, strictly conformable with her father's ideas of economy. Both father and mother hint that "she ought to be doing something for herself," with that unreasonableness which parents are so apt to display toward girls, after having never sought to guide or influence them in the choice of a trade or profession which shall be a permanent rather than a temporary occupation.

So the young girl offers herself to some school director, or trio of directors, who believe they have discharged their whole duty to their district when they have secured the services of a teacher at a cheap rate. The girl teaches for a summer or two, and earns enough money to buy a silk dress, and perhaps a showy winter cloak in addition. The school is, of course, poorly kept, and the teacher may really earn little more than she receives. Not only are the scholars made to suffer, but the large class of really excellent and conscientious teachers is held in no higher estimation by an indiscriminating public than this poor one.

The young miss teaches for a season or two, it may be, and then marries, and leaves her place for her successor. Or, she may teach year after year, and only when youth and her best opportunities have passed, awake to the fact that teaching must be accepted as a life-business rather than as a pastime. If she possesses innately the qualifications of a good teacher, she may have learned to love her employment, and in experience have acquired wisdom. But if she was never intended by nature to teach, she will still plod on in the same old track, detesting her business, and seeking to perform its duties with as little trouble to herself as possible; and will finally degenerate into that worst specimen of womanhood, a discontented old maid.

Timothy Titcomb, several years since, in his well-known "Letters to the Smith Family," said some very wise things to teachers. The advice he gave them was profound, and his remarks and conclusions true to a certain extent. There was but one fault to be found with him: he was not practical. Said a teacher to me: "It is all very well for Dr. Holland to insist upon a teacher going to Europe, at a cost of one or two thousand dollars, in order to prepare for the duties of his or her profession; but how can one think of doing such a thing with the prospect of receiving a salary of three hundred or four hundred dollars only, after all the study and expense of preparation?" The results certainly will not justify the outlay.

Nevertheless, there is a certain truth in Dr. Holland's remarks, but they must be taken in their general sense, rather than in his particular application of them. Teachers should never think of entering upon their duties without a far more careful and thorough preparation than they now usually undergo. But this preparation does not necessarily include a university education, and what is needed can be acquired quite as well in this country as in Europe. A thorough knowledge of the common English branches is, of course, imperatively necessary—quite as necessary in the primary school as in those of higher grade—and this knowledge should not be acquired merely with the idea of personal benefit, but with the ever-present thought of how best to impart it to others. The Normal schools which are beginning to be established in the country, afford the best means for the education of a teacher. It is not always the most brilliant, or the best educated, who are invariably the most successful in teaching. I have sometimes thought that those persons make the best teachers who with naturally dull and slow intellects have yet had the energy and perseverance to master the difficulties in the way of the acquirement of an education. They will better understand, and have more sympathy for, the dull scholars, whom the teachers of ready intellects can only consider stupid or stubborn, and lose all patience with, and will know how best to smooth for them the rugged path of learning.

Then there should be a natural love for children, and a faculty of adapting one's self to their natures and capacities. Now children are quite as plenty here as on the other side of the Atlantic; and it is within the power of every one who contemplates undertaking the duties of a teacher, to make them a frequent study, and learn from experience and observation how control is surest gained over them, and their confidence easiest won.

If the duties of a school examiner were ever to devolve upon me, I should, besides the usual routine of examination, test the young candidate's capacity for story-telling; ask which were her favorite books and periodicals; and then try to see her under some circumstances where I could witness her bearing toward children, and whether they were attracted or repulsed by her. If these three tests proved unsatisfactory, no display of mere erudition would ever tempt me to give a certificate of qualification.

Story-telling should be the teacher's strong point. She who can tell a story well, and in

language suited to the capacity of children, can always command the attention of her scholars, and can, by appropriate illustration, impart an interest to lessons, that otherwise become mere abstractions.

Then by the books, papers, and magazines she reads, it is much easier than by any other method, to arrive at an accurate knowledge of her mental status, and to judge whether her influence over the still unformed minds and sensibilities of the young will be beneficial or otherwise.

Lastly, the one who cannot love the children who are placed under her care—who cannot feel an almost maternal solicitude for their mental and moral advancement—is not fitted to take the place of a mother; for, in the grand, co-operative system of our schools, it is no less than that which the teacher is called upon to do.

Incompetence is the young teacher's greatest fault. And this incompetence proceeds, as I have already tried to show, not so much always from absolute unfitness for the business as from the careless, thoughtless way in which it is entered into.

There is one proverb that women would do well to take to heart, whatever they set about doing—"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." It is this general incompetence that is allowed to overbalance the special cases of efficiency, and to become the standard by which the rate of wages is made out.

In certain neighborhoods where the majority of the people are well-to-do rather than wealthy, where they can afford to give their daughters good educations, as the term goes, yet, when they are grown up, and their education "completed," expect them "to do for themselves," at least partially, there is always a strong prejudice against domestic service. These daughters would be no more unwilling to enter it than their parents would be to have them. Even sewing is not quite "genteel," and, if it were, in these neighborhoods there is usually very little to be obtained. Thus all the young ladies see but a single path to independence before them—that of a teacher. That all shall become teachers is the rule; that any do not is the exception. It is really a matter of wonder where the schools are found to supply them all. No one ever thinks of questioning them—they never think of questioning themselves—whether their tastes and inclinations, if consulted, would lead them to be teachers. That is entirely foreign to the matter. Teaching seems to be



the only occupation open to them, and they must perforce enter it.

If a natural capacity is required for any occupation, it is for that of teacher. A girl may attempt dressmaking, and if she has no liking for the business, and is given to making mistakes, there is only the senseless material of the dress ruined after all. But if a careless or incompetent teacher makes a blunder, it is a blunder which concerns intelligent minds and immortal souls, the effects of which—reaching perhaps beyond time, and into eternity—no money can rectify.

No woman should ever enter the school-room unless she feels she has a special mission there; and not even then without a thorough qualification in the best manner within her power.

I believe women can and do make better teachers than men. It is a tradition handed down from generation to generation, that for a large school embracing half-grown, unruly boys, a man must necessarily be engaged. But it is a fact patent to all who have taken the trouble to examine into the matter, that a woman is often more successful in government than a man; and that the great boys, some of them larger than herself, who would be devising all sorts of trouble for a man teacher, are either shamed into obedience, or else feel a kind of incipient chivalry which causes them to put on their best behavior in dealing with one whom they cannot take any glory in "thrashing."

Women possess a certain tact in management, for which men must substitute authority or brute force. I knew a schoolmistress once, one of the smallest of small women, who rendered perfectly tame and manageable a boy whom all masters had declared unmanageable, and who had heretofore received, and no doubt deserved, the reputation of being "the worst boy in school." The plan was to select him from the first as a kind of acknowledged favorite, and hold him up to the other scholars as a model of studiousness and good behavior. She had the tact to begin this course before there was time for any positive outbreak on his part, and either the new sensation of accredited goodness, or else a dislike to disappoint his teacher's expectations, turned him very nearly into what she declared him to be.

There is another subject closely allied to that of women as teachers, and that is, Women as School Directors. The writer in the *Overland Monthly*, to which we have referred, says upon this subject: "A specific portion of these duties (those of a School Director)—that of general supervision, for instance—might with

great advantage be confided to the ladies. Women possess a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of children. If society would but impose responsibility upon them, we may be sure that they would meet it creditably and well. They have more time than men to devote to the schools, and we may be certain they would manifest more zeal."

It was the writer's good fortune in her childhood, to attend for a year a school of which ladies had the sole management. The district school, under the control of men directors, was a very poor one, and the academy, under the charge of a master, scarcely better. So several of the mothers of the neighborhood met in consultation, and resolved to take the superintendence of the education of their children into their own hands. Three of their number were appointed a committee, with full power to engage a teacher, etc., though all manifested a lively interest in the school from first to last. A house was rented, and fitted up for a school-room, a good teacher secured, and the school set in active operation.

There were low and comfortable seats, there were imperative orders for frequent and long recesses for the younger scholars, who could not bear six hours' confinement; there were cradles for the same little toilers up the hill of knowledge, when their feet should become weary, and they felt like resting by the way; there were water and towels provided for the not at all unusual accidents of play. The scholars were no younger than are usually found in the primary schools, where the arrangements and regulations are very different. But the motherly instincts of the committee and visiting ladies knew that young children cannot submit to prolonged confinement; and that seeming perverseness is often the result of sleepiness, and that, in consequence, a good nap is often more effectual than a whipping. Of all the schools which the writer of this article ever attended, this was the most orderly, although none of the ages of the scholars ranged higher than ten years. The school was an undoubted success, and the number of scholars was obliged to be limited, to prevent its becoming over-crowded.

It was kept up until the children of those interested in it had grown beyond it, when, as no other set of mothers seemed ready to step forward to sustain it, it was discontinued.

The same writer whom we have already quoted, makes a very good suggestion concerning the employment of married women as teachers. He says:

"There is a prevalent, though not well-founded, prejudice against married women as teachers. There is scarcely a school district in our land in which cannot be found a married woman of culture and refinement, thoroughly competent in every way to take charge of the little school. Their employment in their own districts would have a tendency to give greater permanency to the profession of teaching, and the same teacher would remain the longer in one school. And would they not make better teachers than young, single women? It is not likely that the mother of children will have quicker sympathies for other children, and possess greater aptness in their management and control? Does or does not an increased knowledge of human nature, and a greater experience in life, help to qualify a person to become a successful teacher?"

If the plan proposed here were followed, I believe it would secure better teachers than are usually employed under the present system, and would, besides, furnish employment for a class of women who, however much they desire to be self-helpful, are now, from their domestic duties, forbidden a wide range of occupations. Short-sighted people will, of course, raise the objection that the duties of a school properly attended to will interfere with the duties of the family. But let the pay be adequate, so that the teacher can hire a substitute in the kitchen, and then, with the personal superintendence she can give morning and evening, everything will move as smoothly as ever. As for her children, they will not be neglected, for they will be with her, and under her immediate supervision. I am not sure that a baby would be exceedingly out of place in a school. Indeed, I am half inclined to believe that it would be an educator of itself, and its presence give a home-like look to the school-room, and exert a beneficial influence over the scholars. Then, let our school-houses be improved and adorned interiorly and exteriorly; let trees shade them and flowers grow around them; let pictures and maps adorn the walls, the seats be made comfortable, and the whole general appearance attractive, and, with the mother and the baby, I think we would have quite a new order of things.

As a school is but a co-operative society on a large scale, intended to relieve mothers of duties which, though no less duties, still conflict with the performance of other duties; so to have the school take the place of the mother's training, we want more of the motherly element in it. We want more love for the chil-

dren—more personal concern in their interests, instead of a cold, mechanical watch over their intellectual progress. And we can only obtain this by the educating of good and competent women for teachers. Men do not and cannot come up to the requirements. They may serve their purpose with advanced scholars, when the training is more purely intellectual; but even here a woman who unites the intellectual with the affectional can do better. Women, as a general thing, have more patience and more endurance than men. Their natural instincts lead them into closer affinity with childhood, and cause them to enter more fully into its wants and needs, and to measure its capacities more correctly.

But every woman cannot be and must not try to be a teacher. Because she finds needle-work displeasing to her, it does not necessarily follow that teaching must be pleasing. If she knows she is not fitted for it—and no one can tell better than herself about this—she must look elsewhere for her vocation; it is not in the school-room.

#### POSITION IN SLEEP.

THE best position in which to go to sleep, says Dr. Hall, is on the right side; the heart being on the left, it has greater freedom of action than when the weight of that part of the body is on it.

Any remaining food in the stomach passes out of it, as the contents of a bottle are passed out of its mouth if turned upside down, as the exit of the stomach is at that part; but if resting on the left side, the food has to be brought up the whole length of the stomach, as water is drawn up from a well, and the effort necessary to this may prevent sleep. Those who take anodynes to promote sleep, instead of procuring it by moderate bodily activities in the open air, make a dangerous experiment.

Sleep is sometimes interfered with by coldness of the extremities in old and young of a feeble circulation; such should wear at night good, warm, woollen drawers, until, by obtaining more vigorous health, the cause of coldness is removed; and such should not rest satisfied until the drawers can be dispensed with, because the more clothing worn at night, the more will be required in the daytime; the proper and only healthful source of comfortable animal heat is a vigorous digestion.

## "GOD, KEEP MAMMA."

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I WAS young then; the summer had been a very hard and busy one on the farm, and I had done all the housework myself, and when autumn came my very hands upreached, pleading for respite and rest in the glorious, golden October.

This time I heeded the call, engaged a good girl to come and keep house a month, fixed up a nice, new travelling-suit of gray stuff, and was soon ready to go visiting. I hated to leave the three little children—aged twelve, eight, and four—but Katie said she would care for them tenderly; and I knew she would, because I had promised to give her, besides her wages, the beautiful gold ear-drops of mine that she so much admired.

I was going to visit an only full sister, whose face I had not seen for eight years. She lived away in the far West, fifty miles beyond the sound of the nearest locomotive.

Katie and the three little ones went with me down to the depot, just across the lot. I kissed and bade them all good-by; but, oh! my eyes lingered so long and so lovingly upon the baby! Her heavy curls of pale, shiny gold lay all over her plump neck and beautiful shoulders—just the ideal baby that poets sing of and artists try to paint. She put her chubby little hands up to my cheeks caressingly, and said, with the wise air of a seer—"I hope nothing will happen to you; but I am a little *ferocious* there will," meaning suspicious.

I laughed at her blunder slightly, and corrected it, telling her to remember and let big words alone, that one's language was always best and clearest when it was the simplest and plainest.

She rubbed her little fat fists over each other, and winked her eyes tightly until the lashes swept her cheeks; then catching a long breath, she said—"I will be good while you are gone, and you mustn't forget me, a poor baby, without a mother, 'way off at home."

I whispered—"Don't forget to pray for ma every time, will you?"

"I'll not forget," she replied, and she looked down at the little dimpled balls of fists again.

"What will you say?" said I. "It will be a comfort to me to know when I am far away."

She opened her blue eyes full in my face; then bending over and touching her fore-

head to mine, her hands on my cheeks, she softly whispered—"Why, I'll say, 'God, keep mamma.'"

It was a wearisome journey. I arrived at the house at midnight, and my sister met me at the door, but so changed that I would not let her touch me, and I turned again and again to the door to leave her, saying—"You are no sister of mine; I never saw you before. Oh! this is all deception—all pretence; my sister is a girl, not a faded, broken woman with the hoarse voice that you have. I came to find my sister; I want my own sister."

The meeting was very sad. She would reach out her arms with pleading, and I would cry and turn away from them like a broken-hearted, bereft little child wanting its dead mother.

I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure, and it was several days before I could become reconciled, and feel that the strange woman was really my sister. But we had a good visit; we lived over our childhood and our lonely girlhood; we laughed together and cried together; and the weeks flew by, and the time came for the rumbling old coach to take me from her door homeward.

My first point was one of the largest cities in the State, where I was to stop and take a boat and go up the Mississippi River sixty miles.

Two fine-looking gentlemen, who seemed to do the talking for an honest-appearing hack-driver, said the boat would not arrive for several hours, and that the driver would take me to a quiet hotel, and from thence down to the landing at the proper time. The hotel was very pretty; it stood back off the street, and the front of it was all draped with the gorgeous leafy boughs of the beautiful trees that embowered it in that golden October time. I was exceedingly pleased with the appearance of the place. Two ladies, who were likewise travelling alone, stopped at the same hotel.

I told the porter to let my trunk stand in the wide hall with the others, that for the few hours I would stay I would not need a private room.

There were a great many ladies in the parlors, but none of them were prepossessing; they were giggling, and fixing their curls and ribbons, and staring from the windows, and making silly remarks; and I did wish for quiet

and repose, and women who were sensible and womanly. There is nothing so heartily disgusting as frivolous women.

The Odd-Fellows had some kind of a public meeting that day, and were parading the streets. Everybody looked at them from doors and windows, and we all stood out on the balcony and watched them pass and repass. A few hours after that I was sitting at a table reading, when a boy connected with the establishment came into the parlor, and gave me a key, saying—"Your room is No. 29, you will find your trunk already in it."

I said I did not order a private room, and had no need of one, because I was not intending to stay all night. The boy rubbed his hands, and looked embarrassed, but as he was only obeying orders I said no more to him. I thought he might be mistaken, and taking the key went to room No. 29, and found my trunk there, and the room as cosy as the little nest of a humming-bird.

Thinking, perhaps, I had been misunderstood, I put the key in my pocket, went back to the parlor, looked at my watch, and sighed over the slowly passing hours. While sitting at the table reading, two or three strange men came in, and soon entered into conversation of a lively and familiar character with the ladies, especially the two who came up to the hotel in the morning when I did.

It was not long until an elderly gentleman came into the room, and sat down at the same table opposite me, bowing slightly. Something in his eye compelled me to return the bow. His hair was quite gray, his forehead bold and massive, he was well dressed, and wore a sash, or regalia, or something about, or across his breast, that showed him to be an officer in the organization of Odd-Fellows. I remembered seeing him among them that day. I thought him intrusive coming into that room, and I did think it strange that a man of his appearance would sit down without a word of apology, or an introduction, and commence a conversation with a stranger. But there was something in his clear, cool, gray eyes like steel—they held one like the grip of strong hands on one's shoulders—they were earnest, honest eyes not to be feared or shrunk from. He looked me right in my face, and said—"I believe you were among the many who witnessed the Odd-Fellows on parade to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you friendly to the organization?"

"I know nothing of them but what is good; their deeds and good works in my own State

are praiseworthy. I know of heretofore families made comfortable and happy through their assistance, orphans educated, poor widows cared for, and many noble and generous things that the Odd-Fellows have cheerfully and kindly done," said I.

"I am glad to hear that," was the old man's reply, and his steely eyes grew soft and tender.

We must have talked half an hour on this subject and others that grew out of it; I was hardly conscious that I was conversing so freely until he drew out his watch, looked at the time, and said—"I have sat here talking with you, an entire stranger, more than half an hour. You will excuse me if I tell you that I feel an interest in your welfare, that I think I can do you a kindness; and on the honor of a gentleman, I ask you to answer the few questions I desire to ask you. I shall do it for your own good." I did not know how to stand the strange man's words; I felt as though I was being led to the scaffold, but I gasped out—"I will answer honestly any questions you may ask. I believe you are a gentleman."

The interrogatories were—"Is Ohio really your native State? Have you a home and friends? Are you a married woman? Why did you stop at this house?"

I answered his questions frankly, but I kept on wondering—"What will the end be?" At the last question I caught my breath hysterically, and rising to my feet, felt as though it would give me great relief to indulge in a good, noisy cry.

"Sit down," said he kindly, but sternly enough to make me obey him. "You think me impertinent, child, but I am honest, and—so are you. I like your appearance, and I think you stand in need of a friend, though you may not know it now. The kind words you spoke in favor of Odd-Fellowship almost make it obligatory upon me to assist you. Are any of these women associates or friends of yours?"

"No; I never saw any of their faces until to-day."

"Do you know anything of them?" said he.

"Nothing. I came to this house because it was recommended as a quiet one, and because the boat did not connect with the train I came in on."

"The boat did connect!" said he excitedly, "and there have been boats passing since that one. It is just as I suspected, that you had been imposed upon."

I rose to my feet again, ready to go, I knew not where—and ready to cry out, woman-fash-

ion, when the steely eyes holding mine, and the stern voice said—"Sit down, child!"

I obeyed.

"I am glad I listened to the voice that bade me come and talk to you," said he, speaking low enough that the chattering ones around us could not distinctly hear him. "Something made me come here. Do you know that these women in this house are of those whose steps take hold on hell?"

I looked around cautiously on the glittering, sparkling, handsome women about me. Startled and bewildered, I put my hands on my head, rose, and staggered off to the door.

"Stop!" said the old man, opening the door for me, and looking at his watch again; "don't be foolish now; the boat goes up to M— will arrive probably in half an hour. I will come here and go down to the landing with you; be all ready in time—remember!"

He was gone, and I was walking the long hall backward and forward, looking for No. 29, both eyes staring wide open, and both hands holding my head.

I thought I was the most unfortunate and the worst-abused woman, and the most shamefully imposed upon of all women in the world, when I tumbled down on the floor in the little room No. 29, and gave utterance to sundry long moans and groans. At last the fountain was unsealed, and I began to cry piteously. There I lay in utter abandonment, weeping as if my heart would break, with my hands, the usual sign of despair, clasped on my forehead.

All at once a beautiful vision came before me—the sight that angels most love. I do not know why I had forgotten it—why it had not come to me sooner. I saw my baby in her night robes on her knees, her little, white, waxen feet showing from the hem of her garment, her beautiful face turned heavenward, her long, golden curls floating like a misty mantle about her dimpled shoulders, her fat little hands enclasped, praying for her absent mother, and the sweet petition was the simple words of her own framing—"God, keep mamma!"

God had heard her; He had kept—oh! so tenderly, and strangely, and lovingly—her mamma when danger had beset her path and encompassed her about.

If ever an earnest, grateful prayer went up to heaven, it surely ascended from that little room away in that far city where all were strangers.

I rose from my knees, comforted and clear-

sighted, dressed myself all ready to start, and in less than half an hour the shrill whistle of the coming boat sounded, and soon after came the good old man, as stern, as steely as ever. He treated me as if I were a little girl; he ordered a drayman to take my trunk, then, lighting a cigar, he tucked my portfolio under his arm, and strode off with long steps, and I hurried along behind him. I tried to tell him how much I thanked him, and how grateful I was, but he walked so fast that it took all my strength to keep my breath going.

After we reached the boat, I gave him my portmonnaie, and he went and paid my fare, and did everything for me; then we shook hands, heartily and cordially, and he gave me good advice, and told me always to be honest, and to love the true, and good, and beautiful; and then, laughing a little, short, jolly, gurgling laugh, he said, after this, I had better not travel alone, that if my Charlie couldn't go with me I must wait until he could go, or stay at home altogether.

I asked him for his address, so Charlie could write to him, and thank him out of the depths of his dear, old, true heart, but he said he didn't deserve any thanks, and to this day I don't know who the royal, old, steel-eyed eagle was who swooped down and lifted me up and set my feet on solid ground.

A tremulous quiver sometimes thrills to my fingers' ends when the reality of that baby-vision comes up before me. It was so real then, that I almost caught her in my arms. I believe God's angels do meet us often when we seem to stand alone, sorrowing, and no eye sees us, and no arm is reached out to help us.

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ABOUT the habitual acts of daily life, our meetings with one another, our gifts, our kindnesses, our reading of books, our hearing of music, our looking at sunsets, our good-nights and good-mornings, may be thrown a something spiritual, a something significant, a kind of tender sanctity which shall lift our whole being up to a higher plane, and bring us into the first faint sphere of life as lived in heaven.

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LET us acquire the art of making all that is natural and visible minister spiritually to the soul. As far as possible, everything natural should become suggestive of something spiritual. Nature should become to us a book of symbols more richly illuminated than mediæval parchments.



## MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

MRS. THOMPSON stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring-water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather; and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson—indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow-land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save *her* life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren. At least, Mrs. Thompson, in the plenitude of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.

To begin at the beginning. Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome and Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do; and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of touring it in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. Dreams and reality are so very different, you see.

Robert Thompson was a working farmer as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully: she had not been brought up with high notions, by any means: and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the labor seems to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as the years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept;

and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she helped at nearly everything, save, perhaps, the very roughest of the labor. In place of lounging in elegant foreign studios, or gliding down famed canals and streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a busy household. Quite a contrast; as must be admitted.

With things a little different, she'd not have minded the work so much: could she have had nice carpets, and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had noticed this, or cared for it; but every year, as the years went on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice; Robert never thought about it. And what though he had?—it is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife. In time Mrs. Robert Thompson began to ask that some renovation should take place; at which Robert only stared: the house that had done without painting so long, could do yet; and the old things in it were good enough for them. She did not venture to urge the point: but she did press for some flowers. There was a strip of ground under the south parlor windows where a shrub of sweetbrier grew, and pinks, sweet-williams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were old-fashioned, common flowers; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. The garden, like himself, was all practical, filled with cabbages, onions, potatoes, and sweet herbs. And so went on her unlovely existence; in which dissatisfaction was becoming a very nightmare. Now and again, on those somewhat rare occasions when she went out to visit her neighbors, and saw how pretty many of them had things, she came home more than ever out of heart. The worst was (or the best) there was no real reason why a little money should not be spent in making the home prettier and happier, for Robert Thompson was doing well, and putting fairly by. But understanding had not come into the man: and his wife was too meek,

perhaps too constitutionally timid, to make trouble over it.

The matter to-day—which had put her so very much out—was this. A sewing-club had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress amidst the poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-club, to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it; Mrs. Thompson with others; they met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation: dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock, and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoons. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for the first time—and she naturally began to consider ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing: tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later when the stitching was over.

What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf, that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She had long wanted some new white ware: she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery-shop, had a lovely set for sale: white, with a delicate sprig of convolvuli and fuchsias: looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with the old ones?" asked he.

"Look at them," she answered. "They are frightfully old and shabby."

"I daresay the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left."

"Mother had some best china. Where is it?"

"That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together."

"Why not?"

"O Robert! Look at this. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen."

"'Twas good enough for mother."

Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained comment.

"You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing-circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes.

But she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing.

"We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a mere trifle: do give me the money."

"Grover'll have to keep 'em for us: I've got no money to waste on fine china," returned the farmer. "By the way"—looking back from the door—"Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day if I can, it's a famous heavy crop: so I shall bring them in to dinner. Oh! and the Hubbards want six pounds of butter to-night: don't forget to have it ready."

With these words, Mr. Robert Thompson had marched off, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it; but she remembered that day, with the faintest little air of regret, that she *might* have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips. "Squire Burnham's wife does not have to beg for a paltry bit of money to set out her table decently," she thought rebelliously.

And then, in her spirit of aggrievement, she mentally went over the other things she needed, and that Robert knew *were* needed. Why was life to be all toil and bare ugliness? There was no reason: he had plenty of money. A new carpet for the best parlor; paper for the walls, so stained with time; whitewash; paint; some fresh chintz; she remembered it all, as she toiled through the long, sultry forenoon with an aching head and discouraged heart. It happened to be washing-day: and on those days she took all the work, that Molly might not be disturbed in her help at the tubs.

What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? she asked herself, her slender wrists beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Robert Thompson looked at things to-day, she

quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady, and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burnham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own: two hundred a year, at least, and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence, and she would not: likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than for the whole of poor, under-sized Joe. Squire Burnham found another wife: and Mrs. Thompson, this weary day, was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-club, too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the mulberry-ware and the home generally. The butter got beaten savagely at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind man: only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of life's rugged pathway being softened with flowers. Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreations: the weekly market; gossip with his brother farmers; politics: she had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home told upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning want of life. And so, as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly understanding what she wished for or what she did not wish: the intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again, when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered: she who used to be so sweet-tempered.

All through the long forenoon, Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would not have the sewing-club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had well struck, she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot: and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She felt tired, heated, and very cross.

"Why! isn't dinner ready?" demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. "I told you we had no time

to waste to-day," he added angrily, in his hurry and hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready to time, I know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips; but ere it could be spoken, Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy-book before her eyes.

"Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to get it by heart, too, and always remember it. Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked old mulberry plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new: she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its *appropriateness* to the present moment, that fell like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning of his wife's request about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it; but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.

"It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends, as they went into the cool north room to dinner. "Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it: they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Molly must not be called.

"This butter must have been kept in the kitchen: it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; I will go down and get some more if you think I had better," was the reply, given pleasantly.

"Never mind. Well, I declare!—do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. "It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, striving to choke down a rising sob—as well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the

tone, looked at his wife: his friends glanced at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished his dinner in silence.

He was watching his wife's face: there was something in it he did not understand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old mulberry ware *did* look dingy on the snowy-white tablecloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to: he wondered he had never thought so before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again—how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire—as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking: that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place, after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And—perhaps the work was overmuch for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.

A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south as he went out, walking slowly; but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows: and in that moment the voices of his comrades came toward him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my life," quoth one of them. "She works like a slave, and does not get even 'thank ye' for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said Yes to his asking," cried the other. "Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife—especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive—delicate: any lady but her would have turned long ago and bid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her: she'll run down fast. Awfully changed, she is. She looks as faded as the old house rooms—and they haven't seen a coat o' paint since Grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah! she'd better have took Joe Burnham. The Lawrences used to have things nice in their home, and she'd have got 'em so still, if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone out in her pony-chay. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?"

Was she? The unconscious comments of

these, his warm friends, came crushing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burnham for him, he knew, when she came home to the old homestead, and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. And—could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved well, for all his churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away: he could bear his thoughts no longer: and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work—the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes-lines, when the sound of wheels made her look round.

"I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing from his cart, and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

"But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined, in rather a frightened voice.

"The master did, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon and said the things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired, and a tea set as well. Where shall I put 'em?"

"Bring them in, please," she answered rather faintly. He did as he was bid, and then drove off.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot: she only thought how kind Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squire Burnham. Then she unpacked the treasures, pulling them out from amid the hay, and singing softly all the while. Oh! it was beautiful, that ware!—with its clear, opaque white, and here and there a delicate tracing of fuchsia or convolvulus.

Mr. Thompson came in and found her in the midst. "What is it, Jenny?" he asked—the old, fond name he used to call her.

"O Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered huskily. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame. I have not been as patient and kind as I might."

"Yes, you have. You've been an angel, compared to me. I have made a slave of you. But all that is over now. I did not *think*, Jenny; I did not indeed."

"But—Robert—"

"You shall have more help in the house, another servant. We'll get her in, Jenny, long before the sewing-club night comes round."

"O Robert! how kind you are. I feel as light as a bird."

"And you *are* almost," he answered, smiling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face.

"We'll all turn over a new leaf, Jane. Heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that."

"Well—we'll let it be: bygones shall be bygones, if you will. Oh! and I forgot to say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, without a job on hand, so I thought I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin to-morrow morning."

"You—are—not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed, in wild surprise.

"Every square inch of it. And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look a bit brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. "And I have been so wicked!" she cried. "Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he said quite humbly. "We will do better for the future, Jane: I'll try another plan."

She cried silently for a minute longer—soft, happy tears; feeling that light had superseded the darkness.

"And it has all arisen from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb—'A soft answer turneth away wrath!'" she murmured. "Robert, did you ever before see such lovely white ware?"

It is your everyday experiences which will cultivate you—the little, silent workings within and without, slower, perhaps, than the uprisal of a coral island, but just as sure. It may take years to bring you above the surface, but every shell that you throw off raises you so much higher.

## WOMEN AS CHEMISTS.

A MEDICAL exchange thinks that "there is no occupation for which women are better fitted by nature than that of the chemist or druggist. The science of chemistry can be as readily learned in the school and laboratory by woman as by man; and, as an art, it requires the delicate manipulation, fine perceptions, and mathematical accuracy, in which woman excels. In the drug-stores for dispensing medicines, but little physical strength is needed, and the business is very remunerative. The late frequency of fatal accidents, resulting from the carelessless of drug-clerks in putting up prescriptions, points with emphasis to the expediency of substituting female prescription-clerks, as, other things being equal, the superior conscientiousness of women, especially where human life is involved, would go far to insure safety."

Very likely the fact may not have been put in print before, but the experiment of giving instruction in *analytical chemistry* in a public school has been tried, and the results were very satisfactory. For three successive years, in the High School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, those pupils who had attained a creditable rank in the regular work in chemistry were allowed, as a favor, to take a course in analytical chemistry. It was understood that it was an "extra" study, and that it must not interfere with their required lessons in other departments. Every facility for the work was provided, including the necessary apparatus and set of reagents for each pupil, and no charge was made except for apparatus broken or damaged. The classes numbered from twenty to thirty members, the majority of whom were girls. As a rule, the girls did their work better than the boys. They showed the same neatness and nicety in manipulation that they do in the laboratory of the kitchen; they broke less glassware, spilt and wasted test-liquids and reagents much less than the boys; and they were generally quicker to note the results of their work and to reach a correct conclusion.

We are told that it has been stated in not a few of the papers of the day, that the daughter of the former Rumford Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College is no less expert at chemical analysis than her father. This rather extravagant story doubtless grew out of the simple fact that the young lady had been a member of one of these classes in analytical chemistry.



## JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning Mrs. Weymouth came into her husband's room just as he was about to start for the factories. Since the new superintendent entered on his duties, the head of the firm, having a comfortable assurance that all was going on at the works quite as satisfactorily as though it were under his personal supervision, had been in no haste to get out from his pleasant home.

So Stephen Weymouth wrote his letters and read his papers much at ease, detailing to his wife any little scraps of sensational news which he happened to come across, knowing she had a palate for any highly seasoned items of that kind, swallowing them with an undoubted faith which sometimes provoked a half-amused admonition on the man's side. "My dear, it is well to remember that newspaper stories are not always as true as holy writ."

Mrs. Weymouth's handsome face on this particular morning was quite radiant with pleasure as she approached her husband with an open letter in her hand. "My dear," she said, "it's from Sydney, and there's some astonishing news in it."

The gentleman made a movement to take the letter, but his glasses were in his vest pocket, and his overcoat snugly buttoned over them. "You read it, Mary?" he said.

It was a long letter, and took Mrs. Weymouth some time to get through it, for the writer flourished a good many fine phrases before he came to the main point in his epistle, which, in a word, amounted to this—Sydney Weymouth was engaged.

It had happened rather suddenly, he affirmed, and came near enough to being a case of love at first sight to answer all the purposes of a novel.

The lady was young, accomplished, beautiful—indeed, what was immensely astonishing was, that with so large a train of eligible admirers, she had condescended to take up with such a good-for-nothing fellow as the writer. But there was no accounting for a woman's tastes, and Sydney Weymouth was the elect and happy man.

He had, at least, the gratification of knowing the woman of his choice would do honor to his taste and gratify the natural pride of his parents.

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Her family was unexceptionable, she was an only daughter, and her father had amassed a large fortune in real-estate brokerage at the West.

The conclusion of this letter did Sydney's head or heart credit. Mrs. Weymouth's voice actually shook with feeling over the words of her darling boy. His first thought, he affirmed, had been for his father and mother. He could not be quite happy until they had shared his joy, and he had received their congratulations on this greatest event of his life.

So much grace he had in himself, thankless, roving Bohemian though he had been for the last half dozen years. The approval of his father and mother at this momentous crisis was the one thing wanting to make unalloyed the bliss of their roving, but at bottom of him loving son, Sydney Weymouth.

The gentleman and lady looked at each other in silence a few moments after the latter had ceased reading, and then she asked, "Well, Stephen, what do you think of it?"

"It's a pretty sudden thunder-clap, but I see no reason to suppose it may not all turn out for the best."

"I don't see where it could be bettered," continued the mother energetically. "Young, accomplished, beautiful, rich"—going over with her son's adjectives as though she relished each—"one would think we might be satisfied with all that."

"Yes, if it's all as the fellow puts it." Mr. Weymouth prided himself on a certain shrewdness and wariness to which he believed he owed largely his success in life. It was, at least, safe not to be over credulous.

"I don't see any reason to doubt it," replied Mrs. Weymouth, in a tone just touched with annoyance. "The boy, bless him! writes in a straightforward, common-sense way, if he is a lover."

"Yes; I like the tone of his letter," replied Mr. Weymouth, satisfied, now he had made an offering to his own cool judgment, to accept such agreeable news as true.

"Dear me! I'm so excited I feel as though I should be good for nothing to-day," said Mrs. Weymouth, with a certain flutter in her tone and manner quite at variance with her usual matronly composure. "What a lucky stroke that was!"

"What?"

"Getting Sydney out of the way just as we did. I never could have given my consent to that other match, Mr. Weymouth."

"No doubt it has turned out much better as it has," answered the gentleman complacently. "I must write to Syd this very evening."

"And so must I. There will be so many questions to ask. It seems as though I could not wait the fortnight which must elapse before his return."

"There's one thing certain—a wife will be pretty sure to anchor the roving fellow down at Hedgerows. There's a chance, too, for him to double his fortune here in a few years if he'll keep a sharp lookout. The place is getting on its legs, and real estate is bound to treble itself when the new railroad gets in operation. I've seen that from the beginning."

Mrs. Weymouth had the same faith in her husband's business prophecies that she had in the old Hebrews, although she would have thought it very irrelevant in anybody to say so.

She was going over with parts of her son's letter for the third time now. She laughed in a soft, amused way to herself. "It sounds just like him," she said, "always running a rig on himself; but you and I know, Stephen, that there's nothing at all surprising in the lady's choosing our son among her host of admirers."

"No," said Mr. Weymouth, repeating his wife's smile. "I don't think there is."

There was a great deal more talk after this; there were all kinds of pleasant projects started for the future, when their son, with his new, beautiful young wife should come to take up his abode at Hedgerows, under the family roof, too.

It must be a narrow nature which could not enter with real sympathy into the new joy of these people that morning, for this boy of theirs was all the world to them.

Therein, too, lay the pity that the hearts of neither were wide enough to take in anything which was not of their own flesh and blood.

At last Mr. Weymouth started down-town in an immensely good humor with himself and the world in general. In fact, when things went well with him, you could not easily find a more jovial companion, or one who told a story with a better relish than Stephen Weymouth.

When the maid, too, came up that morning to receive the day's orders, her mistress gave her a beaming smile, and a fresh blue ribbon from out her work-basket, so, after all, from the fountain of Mrs. Weymouth's happiness a few drops did fall on other souls.

At the end of a fortnight Sydney Weymouth

came home. By this time the birds had sung and the spring was beginning to work its old magic of swelling buds and sprouting leaves.

Before he reached Hedgerows, the news of his engagement was well circulated through the town, as anything was certain to be which concerned such magnates as the Weymouths were at Hedgerows.

Sydney carried himself before his parents like the happy man he was supposed to be, that perhaps he really fancied he was himself.

Yet, away down in the young man's soul there lurked a secret feeling which, perhaps, no one word can describe, but which was not self-complacency. I do not mean to say the young man was dissatisfied with his choice, for when he surveyed it with his cool judgment, which he did rather frequently for an enthusiastic lover, he found everything to satisfy his pride and ambition.

Yet I hardly think his beautiful betrothed had touched his heart any more than a dozen other women whom he had flirted with, and he had certainly entered the list of her admirers with no ultimate intention of offering her his hand.

But the truth was, Jacqueline Thayne's refusal had given the man's vanity a terrible wound, shaken, even, his confidence in himself, for before that Sydney Weymouth had taken it for granted that there was not a woman in the world whom he could not win if he chose to ask her, and this doubt, which his first failure had given him in his own powers, gave a certain ardor to his pursuit in the present instance. It was really a matter of personal pride with him to outstrip all the other rivals in this race. If it could have ended with equal credit to himself, Sydney Weymouth would have been satisfied with entering the lists wearing the lady's colors, and breaking the best lance in her defence, laying the trophies at her feet, and riding off at last, conqueror in all eyes.

But the days of tilt and tourney were over now, and the heiress of the western broker on this winter's visit to her relatives in New York was the reigning belle of her own circle.

Sydney Weymouth was quite certain that he was an object of envy to several of the lady's most pronounced admirers, and once he would not have had a lurking doubt as to his real place in her favor.

But whether there was a coquette's tact or a woman's heart beneath all the sweetness of smiles lavished on hosts of admirers, Sydney Weymouth had not been just certain. His

curiosity was piqued, his self-love enlisted. The value of the prize was enhanced in his eyes, because so many were eagerly seeking it.

And so, on a sudden impulse, one evening, when a good chance presented itself, Sydney Weymouth proposed; and a certain insecurity as to the result, remembering the answer he had received on the only time he had ever made a *bona fide* proposition of this kind before, gave an ardor and a certain amount of eloquence to his talk, at least very flattering to the lady.

All doubts were, however, gracefully put to an end, for Sydney Weymouth was, after a due amount of pretty coquetries, accepted. His vanity would have suffered a terrible shock if he had not been; and I do not mean to say that he ever regretted the result. Yet it was hardly in the nature of a fond and happy lover to go over in his own mind the good points of his matrimonial bargain, much as a man would one he had concluded in stocks or real estate. It looked a good deal as though there was a lurking feeling that something was wanting, and he wished to reassure himself in the matter.

The truth was, with all the beauty and the charms of his Dulcinea, which men of a certain type raved over, Sydney Weymouth had found a finer flavor, a subtler magnetism, in the society of Jacqueline Thayne.

It was to Sydney Weymouth's credit, after all, that he had found this out; and strange as it may appear, and connoisseur in woman's beauty as the man was, the face of the squire's niece was fairer in his eyes than that of the woman he was to wed.

Whether he ever owned it to himself or not, Sydney Weymouth found his wife precisely like dozens of other fascinating women he had known, and, if the truth must be owned, sickened of a little. She never stimulated and amused him with anything fresh, odd, quaint, as that curious, honest, tantalizing Jacqueline was always doing. And he had a secret feeling that the clearer and deeper gaze of the finer woman's soul had found something wanting in him—in him, Sydney Weymouth.

Had Jacqueline dropped like a ripe plum into his hand, he might not have set so high a value on her as he did after she had actually refused him. But with the feeling which I have described were mingled others—a certain sense of personal injury, and an unacknowledged hankering for revenge on the woman who had humiliated Sydney Weymouth—which circumstances brought at last into active force.

For several days after his return, the Thaynes were not mentioned either by Sydney or his family. Mrs. Weymouth had acted her part well; her son had no suspicion that a thought of any predilection on his part for the squire's niece, beyond that of their old friendship, had ever crossed the brain of his mother.

One morning, however, she said carelessly enough, while she was feeding her canaries—"I want to go over to the squire's this afternoon for a call. Will you drive me out, Sydney?"

Mrs. Weymouth's tone was the most natural in the world. No one would have suspected how keenly alert her ears were for the answer.

It came in a moment. "I shall be happy to take you over, mother."

Sydney felt a good deal relieved. This proposition smoothed the way to the first call at the Thaynes, which had for several days been rather a disagreeable prospect in Sydney Weymouth's brilliant future.

In a few moments he spoke again. "I suppose our friends at the Hermitage, as the squire calls it, have been getting on prosperously this winter?"

"Oh! yes. I never saw the squire looking in better health. He was over here with Jacqueline a few days before you came home. I told her the news."

"You did?"

Sydney was reading a magazine. His mother heard it rustle on the floor.

"What did my old playfellow say? Something unlike anybody else in the world, I'll wager my new horse."

"Of course. She seemed, however, greatly interested and pleased. She always thought a great deal of you, Sydney—but that was not surprising."

"We are very old friends, you know, mother," pretending not to see the covert compliment in the last clause of her sentence.

"I know you were. I always liked Jacqueline, despite that odd streak in the Thayne blood. I was in hopes she would get over it as she grew up; but it's in the grain. She and her uncle seem just made for each other; and it's well they are; for really I can't imagine any man's wanting precisely such a wife as Jacqueline Thayne would make."

Mrs. Weymouth would not have ventured to say so much before Sydney left home last fall. She fancied she had stepped in to the rescue at just the moment when the friendship was beginning to have a dangerous fascination for her

son. She was a little curious to know just how far matters had gone between Sydney and the squire's niece; but, on the whole, was tolerably well satisfied that they had never progressed beyond the safe ground of their old friendship. Still, she had watched Jacqueline's face narrowly when she repeated to her her son's engagement; but that had a secret to keep for another which it might not have done so well for herself, and the lady learned nothing.

What a thunder-clap it would have been to Mrs. Weymouth if she had known that Jacqueline Thayne had actually refused the heart and hand of her idolized son—tenderly, half reluctantly, it is true; but then she had none the less refused them.

I think Jacqueline Thayne, despite her oddities, which Mrs. Weymouth characteristically included under the general head of the "Thayne streak," would have been wonderfully enhanced in the woman's estimation. She might, on the whole, have rejoiced at the girl's decision, thought it had done Sydney a great favor; but she would also have borne Jacqueline a certain grudge ever after.

There was not, however, the slightest danger of Mrs. Weymouth's ever suspecting the truth. Sydney knew Jacqueline Thayne too well to have any fears there. Had her lovers been as numerous as Cleopatra's, she never would have divulged the name of one for the sake of any extra social consideration it would have brought her.

Sydney wondered sometimes whether Jacqueline had ever told her uncle. He was certain he should never know from the squire's manner.

At the last remark of his mother's, the young man rose up and went to the piano, struck a few notes of some German air, and then added—"Jacqueline has her oddities, as you say, mother. I suppose they are in the Thayne blood, but then some men might like her all the better on their very account."

"I can hardly imagine that, Sydney. A man would have a very peculiar taste to fancy some things about that girl."

"You think so? What are they, mother?" still following the German air through its sweet, bewildering trills and mazes.

"Oh! a great many things. She never acts or talks just like other people. It isn't easy to say in just what the difference consists, but you know as well as I do. Just think of her long walks, too, in all kinds of weather."

"All that comes of her uncle's fancy, you know. She was a delicate child, and he kept

her out-doors as much as possible. Besides, many an Englishwoman would beat Jacqueline Thayne in pedestrian feats."

What made Sydney Weymouth take the opposite side in this discussion of Jacqueline Thayne, he could hardly have told himself. Perhaps it was secretly pleasant to hear his mother disparage her.

The conversation was abruptly closed by his father, who, just ready to start down-town, put his head inside the door. "Come, Syd, don't you want to go down to the factories?"

"I believe I do, sir."

A moment later, Mrs. Weymouth, watching from the window, saw the two stride off together.

That afternoon Sydney carried his mother to the house beyond Blue River. Jacqueline was at home, and received her guest with all the cordial frankness of his old playfellow. In a few minutes the squire came in from the grounds, where he was overlooking various kinds of spring work.

At last, when his mother and her host were busily engaged, Sydney went over to Jacqueline.

"My mother says she has told you, Jacqueline?"

"Yes, I was so very glad, Sydney. I am prepared to like her for your sake."

"You are?" mentally contrasting the two women in a way that I think would scarcely have pleased his future wife.

"Yes, for your sake, Sydney. Do you think I could be so much your friend as I am without liking anybody that was dear to you?"

What reply Sydney Weymouth would have made I cannot tell, for his mother addressed some remark to him at that moment. But it would have been all the same, however for the moment her manner might influence him. Jacqueline Thayne had refused Sydney Weymouth, and no kindness, no friendship, no affection, even, on her part, could atone for that fact in the man's eyes.

## CHAPTER XII.

One day, taking a walk after tea, before he settled himself down to his books for the evening, the superintendent, turning suddenly off from the highway into a quiet lane with an old stone wall and some ancient apple-trees, whose blossoms haunted the air with sweetness, came suddenly upon two figures. They were engaged in conversation, and did not see him at first; but he recognized them at a single glance

—with a pang, too, of real pain, for the pair was Reynolds and Ruth Benson.

The man was leaning down toward the girl, looking into her dropped face with those dark, bold eyes of his, in a way that fairly made Philip Draper's nerves shiver. Had that girl been anything dear to him—sister or friend—it seemed to him that he must have gone up and snatched her away from that man's side as he would from something foul and black, whose very presence slimed and polluted her.

Any interference on his part at that time, however, would be worse than useless. Reynolds bowed when he saw young Draper, with that half-deferential air behind which the superintendent always fancied he saw a grinning smirk of malice, and the girl returned the gentleman's recognition with a half-pleased, half-scared look.

Philip Draper kept on his walk; the May evening about him was full of the beauty and sweetness of the first glad triumph of fresh, bounteous life over the long death of the winter. At any other time, all this would have won the young man's soul, but to-night he could think of nothing but the two figures he had met in the lane.

What could that bad man want of that pure, young girl. The thought of her—poor, simple-hearted child—under Reynolds's influence, in his power, fairly sickened Philip Draper. Over and over the impulse seized him to turn back and hurl away the man whom he was certain was whispering his soft, false talk in the pleased, wondering ears of Ruth Benson.

"Better she should die, poor child—better she should die a thousand times—than listen to him," murmured Philip Draper, snapping off a branch of alder from a clump that came in his way, and doubling the lithe thing fiercely in his hands, as he would have enjoyed doubling Reynolds up that moment with a blow.

He went home at last, and tried to bury himself deep in Froude's History; but he did not succeed, and he tossed down the book, and commenced pacing his chamber. "Philip Draper," he said, "what do you want to make an ass of yourself for? Men and women will go to the devil in this world, for all your fretting over it. You will only get yourself into hot water if you meddle with this matter. If the little simpleton can't take care of herself, you won't save her."

So, hedged about with the hard common-sense of his logic, Philip Draper tried to settle himself down to his history again; but the man had a heart, and it found its way through all

the armor of his philosophy; he could not get back into the sixteenth century, nor among the splendid historic figures which move along the broad highway of Elizabeth's reign. The sweet face of the little factory-girl, with the bloom in the cheeks and the eyes, bright with youth, came between the reader and his page, and a second time the book was bumped down with an impatient gesture on the table, and the bristling hedge of his logic broke down when his heart and his conscience spoke to him.

"So that is your good common-sense, is it, Philip Draper—to let that young girl go blind-fold to her ruin because you are afraid of getting yourself into trouble—meddling with what is not your business? Give the feeling its true word now, which is selfishness to the very core of it. Put the question to your own soul now—whether you enjoy to-night a solitary right even to these, your own thoughts, in the silence of your chamber, which men and women haven't taken some trouble to earn for you, even when it came to scaffold and stake. They meddled with business that wasn't their own with a vengeance, and you and every soul of your generation are reaping the benefits of their meddling to-day; and yet, when it comes to a possible singeing of your little finger, you shrink back. Manly, isn't it? Christ-like, isn't it?"

"Here chance has thrown a simple, innocent, soft-hearted child in your way, with a face sweet as a spring violet, and you shrink from putting out your hand to snatch her back from the gulf into which that man's villainess will certainly plunge her. No doubt, it would be easier and more comfortable for you to let her go on—it is never pleasant to meddle with other folks' affairs, especially to one who stands in just your position toward these people; but when it comes to that young girl's honor and soul, let them not be required of you."

And when his heart and his conscience had spoken to Philip Draper, other thoughts came up—of his mother and of Jacqueline—the woman in her grave, and the woman in his heart, both so near and so far away. For their sakes he would do what was in his power to save this girl from the villain who was seeking to destroy her.

All this time Philip Draper did not, in his own mind, allow Reynolds "the benefit of a doubt." He believed the man to be a scoundrel; had no doubt that Reynolds had fully intended assault and robbery on that night when Philip Draper had met him in the darkness on the lonely outskirts of the town.

Nothing had happened on the wool-dyer's



part to deepen this conviction in the mind of the superintendent; but the two never met without the impression of Reynolds's innate rascality taking a stronger hold on Philip Draper's mind; so much so that he had ceased to try and combat the feeling. It was not as easy a matter as would appear on the surface for the superintendent to have a private interview with the factory-girl. It is true he saw her on his daily round through the work-rooms, and in all their vast lengths there was no face so pleasant to him, as there was certainly none so fair, as the shy, blushing one of Ruth Benson when it looked up to him from the loom where she had of late taken her place.

The young man and the maiden always had a few pleasant words to exchange; indeed, Philip Draper did not suspect that his visit to her loom was the brightest thing in the day to the girl; nor how far it had gone toward tiding her over the first weeks of strangeness and homesickness at Hedgerows.

But a few moments' chat, which everybody was free to hear and comment on, was a totally different thing from the serious talk which Philip Draper had now in hand. Anything of the latter sort could not fail to arouse the curiosity and the suspicions, jealous or otherwise, of the operatives.

From the beginning, the superintendent had avoided all partialities with the people under him. He never patronized one of them, because anything of that sort was impossible with Philip Draper; but his position made all his intercourse with the crowd of operatives a matter requiring care and shrewdness on his part, and thus far it had been perfectly open, giving rise to no buzz of gossip, or, what was still worse, envies or heartburnings.

Philip Draper turned over several plans for a private interview with Ruth Benson, and then dismissed each one as impracticable.

The girl's pretty face was so patent to all eyes that any marked attention on young Draper's part would be construed into admiration; and poor little Ruth Benson would be the target for all sorts of innuendoes and malicious gossip from scores of indignant damsels.

Philip Draper laughed heartily to himself when it suddenly struck him that his words and acts created about as much sensation in his small factory-world as Louis the Fourteenth's used to among his courtiers.

"What an awful old humbug this world is!" he said to himself, having a keen scent always for the comic side of a dilemma.

At last he made up his mind to trust to

chance for this interview with Ruth Benson. It came in a day or two, when he least looked for it.

The girl had left something at the mills, and had returned to find it after the day's work was over, and was hurrying home, when Philip Draper came suddenly upon her in the factory road.

The superintendent himself was late that night, having been detained by a couple of college classmates, who had hunted him up and burst suddenly upon him at Hedgerows.

Philip Draper's mind was full of this visit, and of all the old associations which it had awakened, when he came upon Ruth Benson. It happened to be on a strip of cross-road recently opened to diminish the distance between the boarding-house and the mills. On one side rose a steep, sandy hill, on the other the thick swamp willows, and just beyond ran the river.

Ruth looked up with her bow, and the bright blush which always accompanied it.

It was Philip Draper's time now. "Ah Miss Ruth! I've been wanting to have a few minutes' private talk with you."

The girl stood still. How pretty she looked, playing with her bonnet-strings nervously.

"With me, Mr. Draper?" she repeated.

"Yes; because I am your friend, Ruth, and because I fear some danger is drawing near you."

She started now, and drew her breath in little, frightened gasps.

"Near me, Mr. Draper?" she faltered out her monosyllables again.

"Yes, and I have made up my mind to warn you with the first chance. I was very sorry to meet you in such company the other night in the lane."

The girl understood now; her color bloomed and paled.

"He urged me very hard to walk out with him," she said.

"Ah my child!" and the man, in his earnestness and pity at the pretty, trembling thing before him, laid his hand on her arm, "do not trust that man; I believe he is bad to the core—worse than you can imagine, even. I believe he is seeking to draw you within his influence, only to do you harm. I shudder when I think where he may be leading you."

The girl's figure shook at the solemn words. A sob strained and quivered in her throat, and big tears thickened in her eyes.

"I didn't know he was such a bad man," she said.

"I know you didn't, my child. I know you

are a little, pure, innocent-hearted girl, and I hate to say these words to you; but precisely because of your loneliness and innocence I cannot refrain from warning you. You believe I am your friend, Ruth?"

"Oh! yes, sir. I knew that from the beginning."

"Well, then, I say to you just what I would if your dead mother should get up this moment from her grave and stand here between us to hear me. Keep out of this man's way, as you would out of devouring flames—as you would out of a serpent's in your track."

The poor child was sobbing and shaking now. "Ruth, you do not care for this Reynolds?" her distress half alarming him.

"Oh! no, sir," she gasped. "I was afraid of him at the first—I could not tell why; but he was very kind and pleasant, and I thought it was all my foolishness."

"And there is nothing behind that I do not know? You may trust me, Ruth."

"Only I almost promised Mr. Reynolds to go to the Fair at Grape Meadows to-morrow. He said it would be very nice, and we could ride home by moonlight."

Grape Meadows was ten miles from Hedge-rows. Philip Draper thought of the long, lonely road between the two towns, looked at the sobbing young girl before him, and shuddered.

"Ruth," he said solemnly, "I would rather you lay dead at my feet this moment, than have you take that ride with this Reynolds."

"I won't go with him, Mr. Draper, indeed I won't!" her wet face shining up on him with a sudden determination that gave the man faith in her.

"Put your hands in mine, Ruth, and promise me as your friend who wants to save you."

The girl did as he requested, with something in her voice and eyes that made him believe she would not fail her promise.

"Now, my child, go home, and don't be unhappy over this. I believe you understand me, and that I have warned you solemnly as I have because I felt your lonely, unprotected situation; and I thought of your dead mother, and was sure if she could speak she would thank me for what I have said to her child."

"Oh! I am sure she would," said the trembling lips, with the scarlet of ripe berries upon them. "You have been very kind to me—more than I can say, Mr. Draper."

She looked at him with a face so sweet, innocent, troubled when she said these words, that the superintendent had hard work to keep from

suddenly bending down and kissing her. But he resisted the temptation.

Then with a last injunction that she was not to confide their interview to any person, the two shook hands and parted there in the strip of yellow, bare, factory cross-road by the river.

In a few moments a man crawled out from the thick, low growth of swamp willows into the dust of the road, and the fading light struck a red bar across his face and gave it an ugly look.

The man doubled his fist and shook it fiercely, and swore two or three terrible oaths at Philip Draper. Hidden down there among the swamp willows, for he had caught sight of the superintendent and turned among the shadows to avoid him, having had an uncomfortable, sneaking sort of feeling in the latter's presence since their encounter one night, Reynolds had witnessed the interview between the young man and Ruth Benson.

Reynolds's ears had not served him as well as his eyes had done, for he had in vain strained the former to catch a sentence of the conversation, but a distant murmur of voices was the most that reached him.

But no gesture of the two escaped the man watching with greedy, venomous eagerness the two in the factory cross-road, and, with the readiness to suspect evil which always characterizes those in whom it exists, Reynolds at once put the worst possible construction upon this interview.

"Curse him!" he growled under his breath, his face dark with passion, "the fellow wants the best pick of the lot. I see what he's up to well enough. I'll wager a guinea now he's put a flea in her ear about me. I can find that out if she's on the off side the next time I see her. Well, my young man, you've got the best of me in money, and place, and all that, but you are not a whit better than I am, it seems, and when it comes to a pretty woman I can lie as low and run as fast as any other man," and he laughed a low, hard, chuckling laugh that never came out of an honest man's throat.

Reynolds had not, however, been the only witness of the meeting in the cross-road, between the superintendent and the factory-girl. A small rowboat, in which was a single occupant, had just reached a point on the river where an opening in the trees afforded a view of that part of the road where the figures stood. The boat had stopped, and the figure in it had watched with intent curiosity the whole scene.

Sydney Weymouth's handsome face wore an expression not just pleasant as he was about

bending to his oars again, trolling some notes of an old Spanish air while his thoughts went after this fashion: "So you have a relish for a pretty face as well as the rest of your sex, with all your fine notions about womanhood. Well, you've shown good taste, Draper, for she's the prettiest girl in the lot, although I shouldn't have thought it of you—getting up a sly flirtation of this sort. A man must believe his eyes, though, and those tender looks and that clasp of hands put the thing beyond dispute."

The boat was on the point of turning around when young Weymouth caught sight of another figure as it lifted itself from the ground, and the red bar of sunset struck across its face. He recognized the wool-dyer at once, and saw the angry gesture of the man.

Sydney Weymouth saw immediately that he had not been a solitary witness of the recent scene. He felt at once that some strong passion was at the bottom of the gesture, jealousy and hate, probably, and unconsciously to himself, perhaps, young Weymouth felt a certain sympathy for Reynolds. That vague, subtle dislike which he had experienced for some time for his father's superintendent found here some slight grounds for its justification.

Sydney Weymouth was not aware of it, probably would not have believed it of himself, but as he turned his boat up stream, he felt a subtle triumph over the scene he had witnessed, and at its disparaging reflection on Philip Draper.

"No better than any other man," he murmured to himself once or twice. "It's hardly fair on the other fellow, though. But you've got the winning card in your hand, Philip Draper"—and he went back to trolling his Spanish air again.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE MODERN ICONOCLAST.

YOU may sometimes see the utter buffoon, the wholesale desecrator, the rash and base iconoclast who seeks to grind everything under the dust of his sensual heel. All things are common and unclean to him. He tramps boldly over whatever ground others call holy. The sanctities of wedded and family life, the graceful courtesies of society, reverence for any act or form, he brands as visionary, superstitious, or fanatical. He delights to quench the tear of honest sentiment in the sulphurous crackle of ridicule. He suffers no elevated mood, no high aspiration, to exist in his pres-

ence. He crashes in upon them with rude mirth and what he calls practical sense. No act of public worship or sign of private reverence and devotion is safe from his sacrilegious, vandal hand. To him no man is noble, no woman pure. He would strip earth of the last vestige of heaven, satisfied to make of human kind animals and nothing more. How vile, how horrible are the breathings of hell through such a medium. How they warn us to keep within severe and proper check that common, and growing commoner, disposition to make sport of all the acts and relations of life, to taint the bright mirror of truth with just the faintest breath of blasphemy, to burn all things in the crackling fire of shallow pleasantry, rudely to rush in where angels fear to tread.

This sensual scoffer, this dust-eating bearer of the serpent's mark, thinks nothing holy. What if everything be so, and certain forms be set apart only to save us from utter degradation? What if every physical sound and form and act be part of a God-made ritual to keep us in perpetual worship? What if no organ and no necessity of the body, no item of the processes required to secure even bare existence, no humblest office of food and clothes, no drudgery in kitchen or shop, no rest and no toil, look in the sight of God and his angels as other than a holy thing? What if celestial harmonies were meant to be woven out of every rough and coarse element in existence; heavenly intimations to play like a halo round every household object and wayside weed; skies and stars to palpitate with spiritual messages; mornings to shine with a flame flashed out of the other world; evenings to be fair with the reflected sheen of golden pavements? What if motherhood and marriage, family loves and duties, work and play, barter and benevolence, were meant to be the earthly expression of what goes on in angel worlds—ay, in the infinite bosom and life of our Lord himself? What if common daily life, lived carefully, thoughtfully, holily, be the best and sublimest worship, and public Sabbath rituals only things lifted up and set apart to keep us from utter and continued degradation? Habitual desecrator of home's daily sanctities! cold sneerer at public religious rites! be assured that you and I need these rites to lift us to the level of these sanctities.—REV. C. D. NOBLE.

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If Nature will not give you her keys for asking, pound away at her doors until by your own force you break them down.

## MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

### FIFTH PAPER.

WE have now reached the third of the divisions into which we have separated the young of insects—the maggots, or gentles, as they are sometimes called. Under this term are frequently included all insect larvæ destitute of feet; but we shall confine it to the young of the Diptera, or two-winged flies, such as the gnat, or mosquito, the common house-fly, etc.

Maggots perform a useful part in the economy of nature. They are the scavengers of the world. Linnaeus tells us that the larvæ of three female blow-flies will devour the carcass of a horse as quickly as would a lion. In vegetable mould, toad-stools, mushrooms, and, in short, in every organic substance upon which decay has begun to work, we find some species of maggot busily engaged in making way with what would otherwise become the source of disease and death.

In the water, these insect scavengers are met with most frequently in the shape of the larvæ of the gnat, or mosquito. It is in stagnant water particularly that the young mosquito is found. Here it hangs head downward, sucking in air through a tube in its tail. This curious breathing-apparatus, as well as the tail itself, serves also for a buoy, and both end in a sort of funnel, composed of hairs arranged in a starlike form, and anointed with an oil by which they repel water. When tired of hanging near the surface, the young mosquito folds up these hairs, and then sinks to the bottom. It goes, however, provided with the means of reascension, in a little globule of air retained at the end of the funnel, which it has only to reopen in order to rise again to the surface.

A similar, but more elegant breathing-apparatus, is found in another water-maggot, the larva of the Chameleon-fly. The abdomen of this insect is prolonged into a sort of tail, at the end of which is a beautiful, starlike funnel of thirty feathered hairs, which perfectly repel water. When it wishes to dive, the insect can bring the ends of the hairs together, without diminishing the capacity of the funnel; and a globule of air, for the purpose of breathing under water, is thus enclosed and carried down, appearing like a brilliant pearl. These larvæ may occasionally be found in shallow ditches, and about the edges of ponds, in summer.

Another curious aquatic larva is known in

England as the rat-tailed maggot. It is the young of a bee-like fly, and receives its name from the fact that it has a long, smooth tail, sometimes, indeed, out of all proportion to the length of its body. Réaumur, experimenting with some of these insects in a basin of water, noticed that they kept in an upright position at the "bottom of the basin, and parallel to one another, the extremities of the tails being on the surface of the water. He then increased the depth of the water by degrees; and as it got deeper, observed that the tail of each worm became longer. These tails, which were at first only two inches long, at last attained to five," the body of each worm not exceeding five lines in length. On further examination, Réaumur found that the tail so remarkably lengthened was composed of two tubes, one shutting into the other like a telescope. He calls it the breathing-tube. It terminates in a little, brown knob, in which are two holes for the purpose of receiving the air, surrounded by five small tufts of hair, which float on the surface of the water. This breathing-apparatus is admirably adapted to the mode of life of these maggots, which, seeking their food amongst ooze and mud, would, without their extensile tube, be often exposed to suffocation. A species of these rat-tailed larvæ has been found inhabiting the salt-vats of the Equality Salt Works, of Gallatin County, Illinois.

Many maggots are provided with two horny hooks, probably mandibles, says Packard, with which they seize their food. These hooks are also used at times to assist the insect in its locomotion, as in the cheese-maggot, or skipper. The leaping powers of this insect are familiar to every one. "I have seen one," says Swammerdam, "whose length did not exceed the fourth of an inch, leap out of a box six inches deep—that is, twenty-four times the length of its own body; others leap a great deal higher." In making these remarkable leaps, the maggot first erects itself upon its tail, which is furnished with two wart-like projections to enable it to maintain its balance. Bending itself into a circle, it then catches the skin near its tail with its hooked mandibles, strongly contracts itself from a circular into an oblong form, and throws itself forward with a jerk in a straight line. Another remarkable peculiarity of the

cheese-maggot is found in its breathing tubes. Of these it has two pair, one near the head, and the other near the tail. Now, when burrowing in the moist cheese, these would be apt to be obstructed; but, to prevent this, it has the power of bringing over the front pair a fold of the skin, breathing meanwhile through the pair at the tail. Well may Swammerdam denominate these contrivances "surprising miracles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature."

In Figuer's "Insect World," we find some curious details of the larvæ, a particular kind of crane fly, or Tipula. These small larvæ are without feet, hardly five lines in length, and about the third of a line in diameter. In some years, during the month of July, great numbers of these little creatures are met with on the borders of forests in some of the German states. These collections of larvæ resemble some sort of strange animal of serpent-like form, several feet long, one or two inches in thickness, and formed by the union of an immense number, which are fixed to each other by a sticky substance, and move on together with one accord. These strange collections form ribbon-like armies, sometimes only a few yards long; at others, however, they are ten, twelve, and even thirty yards in length, as broad as one's hand, and nearly an inch in thickness. They march at a snail's pace, and in one particular direction. If they encounter a stone, they cross over it, turn round it, or else divide into two sections, which reunite after the obstacle is passed. If a portion of the column be removed so as to divide it into two parts, it is quickly reunited, as the hindmost portion soon joins that in advance. When the rear of this insect army is brought into contact with the van, a circle is formed, which turns round and round on the same spot, sometimes for a whole day, without breaking, and resuming the line of march. Processions of species of these "army worms," as the Germans call them, have been observed in Pennsylvania, as well as in Massachusetts. The longest recorded, however, was only six feet six inches in length.

Amongst the maggots are to be found some of the most destructive pests of the agriculturist. The larvæ of the Hessian-fly, of the Apple Midge, the Onion-fly, the Wheat Midge, and others whose ravages are no less a matter of complaint, may be instanced. Nor are their annoyances confined to the vegetable kingdom. Our domestic animals suffer from them at times to a terrible extent. The maggots of the Bot-

flies, so annoying to horses and cattle, and of the Breeze-fly, the terror of sheep, are well-known insect pests.

Man himself is not unfrequently a sufferer from dipterous larvæ. Living in vegetables, flowers, and other substances sometimes eaten by man, maggots have been swallowed, and the presence of a physician thereby rendered necessary. A French writer informs us that in Cayenne, a penal colony of France, the convicts have sometimes fallen victims to the larvæ of a beautiful fly called the Man-eating *Lucilia*. When one of the wretched prisoners, "who live in a state of sordid filth, goes to sleep, a prey to intoxication, it happens occasionally that this fly gets into his mouth and nostrils. It lays its eggs there, and when they are changed into larvæ, the death of the man generally follows." This so-called man-eating fly is not, properly speaking, a parasite of man, as it only attacks him accidentally, as it would attack any other animal in a daily state of uncleanness.

In concluding this branch of our subject, it may be well to state, that, besides the larvæ to which we have referred as caterpillars, grubs, and maggots, there yet remains a host of the young of other insect tribes, to which, though partaking more or less of the characteristics of all three, no distinctive name, other than that of larvæ, has been applied, either popularly or by men of science.

The very fine engraving we give this month, represents the nests, larvæ, and adult insects of a peculiar species of wasp, called the French *Polistes* (*Polistes gallica*). It is somewhat smaller than the true wasp, or *Vespa*. Its color is black, with yellow markings. Its nest, simpler than that of the wasp, and without shelter or covering, is attached by a footstalk to the stems of broom, furze, or other low-growing shrubs and plants. The construction of the nest, or comb, is commenced about May, generally by a solitary female, who forms five, six, or eight cells, rarely more.

The observer who daily visits the localities where this industrious insect is fashioning its comb, can easily follow all its labors, and trace out the life of its larvæ. Unprotected by the paper covering which is found sheltering the habitations of the wasp, its pretty and elegant nest seems quite exposed. But a closer examination compels us to admire the happy arrangement by which the young insects are guarded against the inclemencies of the season. The openings of the cells are turned obliquely to the east; and, as the worst winds and rains



come from the west, the tenants of the papery structure have little to fear.

When the larvæ of the solitary female, who begun her labors in the spring, arrive at the period of their transformation into pupæ, each spins a silken lid over the mouth of its cell. From this presently emerge the perfect insects, who proceed at once to enlarge the comb by forming additional cells. The number of these, however, rarely exceeds fifty or sixty; though, under certain circumstances, when the population increases in an exceptional manner, a second comb is found necessary.

Our illustration gives a very exact idea of the nests of the *Polistes*, at different periods of their growth. In the largest, we see the cells inhabited by the larvæ, distinguished from the young of other insects of the class by their depressed bodies, and large and powerful heads. They are waiting to be fed by their careful nurses. Others of the cells are closed, the larvæ having shut themselves up to undergo their final change into perfect insects. The nest has been represented just as it was, with its living tenants.

There are several species of *Polistes* to be found in the United States. The most common of these is the Canadian *Polistes*, a minute account of which will be found in Packard's "Guide to the study of Insects," pp. 151-153.

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"NATURE," says Thoreau, "has taken more care than the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the ditches in the meadow than the lady in the bower. When I walk in the woods, I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the lichen on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragile features, as slight wreaths of vapors, dew lines, feathery sprays, which suggest a high refinement, a noble blood and breeding, as it were. Bring a spray from the wood, or a crystal from the brook, and place it on your mantle, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its nobler fashion and bearing. It will wave superior there, as if used to a more refined and polished circle. It has a salute and a response to all your enthusiasm and heroism."

## COME BACK TO ME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

COME back to me, beloved, my heart keeps calling out,

Come back to me, and take me once more within your arms;

For, oh! I am so lonely your own strong love without,

And life is dark with shadows, and full of strange alarms.

Come back to me, beloved. I dream of you at night,

And think your arms are round me, my head upon your breast;

And I forget the shadows, and all of life's affright,

And thinking of you, darling, my tired heart can rest.

And then I waken, finding 'twas nothing but a dream,

And tears will blind me, darling, until I cannot see

Your picture smiling at me, although the moon-beams gleam

Across my window's lattice, and silver all the lea.

Come back to me, my darling! When evening lights her lamps

Above the eastern hilltops, and all the world grows still,

I think of you, beloved, out in the dews and damps,

That fall about your slumber upon the lonesome hill.

And I am, oh! so lonely! I have no one to hold My head, when I am weary, against a faithful breast;

But sometimes in the twilight my empty arms I fold,

And dream they clasp you, darling, my heart replete with rest.

Come back to me, my loved one! I miss your kiss so much,

The mellow music of your voice, the smile of your dear face;

My heart would throb most gladly if I could feel the touch

Of your dear hand, or see you here in this your vacant place!

In vain I call you, darling! You never can come back!

I know not if you hear me, your slumber is so sweet!

And I must journey onward along life's lonely track,

And wait the Father's own good time, beloved, ere we meet.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

## MEMORIES.

(See Engraving.)

WHEN everything is counted, it will be found that the sum total of our lives resolves itself into but two things, anticipation and memory. The pleasures and miseries of the moment are ephemeral, and only to be taken note of as they have been looked forward to, or as they leave their record in the past. In youth, life is richest in anticipations; but as the years roll on, the mind acquires the habit of looking backward, and when old age has come, there is nothing left but memories this side the grave.

Fortunate is that man who, in the midst of the cares and turmoils of a busy and often unsatisfactory life, has a happy childhood to look back upon—a picture-gallery of loving faces that once formed a home circle; a record of sunny years which includes gentle tones, kind actions, cheerful surroundings, smiling skies, twittering birds, blooming flowers, and innocent amusements. Whoever robs a child of these, robs him of more than he can ever return to him in any other shape. A close, hard, narrow life lived in childhood, not only dwarfs the future man's whole moral and affectional nature, but leaves him no blessed store of memories to fall back upon when the present is unsatisfying.

Make your little child happy. Provide for him what enjoyments you can, be they great or small, and begrudge no money that you can spare in securing him these. In doing this you are not only giving him present pleasure, which is a great deal, as in youth impressions are stronger and more readily received, and the capacity for enjoyment consequently greater; but you are really laying up a store of happiness for him in memories which shall last him all his life.

Let the whole atmosphere which surrounds your children be so impregnated with affection, that they shall breathe it in, as it were, at every inspiration, and their hearts will grow larger, and their blood run the clearer and purer for it.

Let your own lives, mothers and fathers, be so upright and so pure, that when you have passed away and your children have taken your places, your memories will be enshrined in their hearts, and a halo will surround them like the aureole of a saint.

Sitting, my friend, by the evening fireside; sitting in your easy-chair at rest, and looking at the warm light on the rosy face of your little boy or girl sitting on the rug before you, do you ever wonder what kind of remembrance those little ones will have of you, if God spares them to grow old? Look into the years to come; think of that smooth face lined and roughened; that curly hair gray; that expression, now so bright and happy, grown careworn and sad; and you, long in your grave. Of course, your son will not have quite forgotten you; he will sometimes think and speak of his father who is gone. What kind of remembrance will he have of you?

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY MRS. E. F. KNIGHT.

I SIT in the glimmering twilight,  
As the shadows of night come on,  
Watching two dear ones playing,  
And thinking of two that are gone;

Thinking and sorrowing ever,  
Though many years have fled  
Since Mary, my loved, my first-born,  
Was numbered with the dead.

But the days have been few and lonely,  
Since the angels whispered, come!  
And another, our youngest and fairest,  
Answered the summons home;  
And thus, as the twilight deepens,  
My sorrow seems deeper still,  
Though my heart blesses God for His goodness,  
And tries to submit to His will.

The children are whispering softly,  
This is the "Children's Hour"—  
Let us be the "blue-eyed banditti,"  
And surround mamma in her tower;  
Let us steal from her heart its sorrow,  
And give her our kisses rare—  
I know she is thinking of Freddie,  
And misses May from her chair.

They come and go, and the sorrow  
Passes swiftly out of my heart,  
For around, and beside me a vision,  
Seems of this life only a part.  
Little May is rocking beside me,  
As she used in the years long ago,  
But on lip and on brow there is brightness,  
Such as earth's children never know.

And clasping her hand, an angel  
Clothed in raiment so pure and white,  
Is gazing so lovingly on me,  
And the room seems flooded with light—  
So sweetly I hear them saying—  
"Ever thus, dear mother, we come  
In the children's hour to comfort,  
And bless you again at home."

## THE MENTAL LIFE OF WOMEN.

"FEW men," says a gentleman of intelligence and observation, "have any idea of the mental life of women, or how much thinking is done by them. It is the fashion to say that women don't think, but it is a great mistake. My father died when I was twelve years old, and I was brought up with my mother and sisters. I know that they, and the ladies with whom they associated, were thinkers, and yet I remember that, even as a child, I was struck with the difference in the talk when a gentleman called. There is this difference between your sex and ours. A man stands by his thought; carries it openly like a banner, which he is bound to defend; while you, apparently more impulsive, and with a reputation for greater spontaneity, are in reality much more reticent, and, in a certain sense, do your thinking on the sly. Among yourselves you think clearly, and express yourselves with vigor. In the presence of a man you conceal your thought and reflect his. Whether it is the fault of your education, or of your approbateness, I cannot tell, but such seems to me to be the fact."

# GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

## WORK FOR JUNE.

**LAWNS AND GRASS-PLATS.**—Clip the grass frequently. If the lawn is on a large scale, a lawn-mower will save much time. If too small for this, a sickle, lawn-shears, or sharp knife will answer the purpose.

**ANNUALS** may still be sown for late blooming. Transplant or thin out those already up. Weed the beds carefully, and keep the ground loose about the plants.

**BEDDING-PLANTS** of the more delicate kinds flourish better if put out now than if planted earlier. Peg down verbenas and other trailers.

**DAHLIAS** can now be set out where they are to stand. The dahlia is a gross feeder, and a liberal supply of well-rotted stable manure must be allowed to each plant.

**TUBEROSES.**—Procure bulbs that have been started under glass, if possible; but if dry bulbs are set out, give them a warm, rich place.

**BULBS.**—If the spring-blooming bulbs were not ready to be taken up in May, watch them carefully, and see that they are not forgotten this month.

**EXOTICS** from the house may be used to ornament the grounds. The pots should be set in the ground up to their rims. Oranges, oleanders, and the like, may be turned out of the pots, and planted in the borders. Fuchsias are satisfactory in the open ground only where they have considerable shade. Cuttings from geraniums, two or three joints in length, may be potted singly in large pots, so that they may make ripe wood before the winter, and be in full bloom in May.

**PROPAGATION OF PLANTS.**—Propagate pansies by cuttings and layers; verbenas by layers; pinks by pipings in the open ground, or by cuttings covered with bell-glasses; chrysanthemums by cuttings; roses by cuttings and half-ripe wood. If cuttings of plants are not taken early in June, they had better be delayed until September, as the heat of the summer months is very much against their success.

Roses, azaleas, daphnes, fuchsias, verbenas, dahlias, calceolarias, heliotropes, petunias, and others, can be propagated by cuttings.

The safest rule for the novice to adopt in propagating all kinds of soft-wooded plants, is to bend the cutting on the shoot; if it breaks or snaps it is in the right condition; if it only bends without snapping, it is then too hard. It will root even in this hard condition, but it will root more slowly, and is not likely to produce a plant of the same vigor as that made from one in proper state. In propagating woody plants, such as roses and azaleas, this test of breaking and snapping does not apply. But it is not necessary in these, any more than in the others, to make a cutting at a joint, as it will root quite as well with a single eye as with two or three. Roses assume the proper degree of hardness for cuttings when the shoot develops the flower-bud.

Dahlias, on the other hand, must always be cut at a joint, if the roots are wanted for future use.

Some plants, such as the bouvardias, anemone, japonica, and others, are slowly increased by cuttings and shoots, while by cuttings of the roots they are propagated with the greatest ease and rapidity.

A simple and easy plan of propagating cuttings is called the "saucer system," because saucers or plates are used to hold the sand in which the cuttings are placed. This sand is put in to the depth of an inch or so, and the cuttings inserted in it close enough to touch each other; then the saucer is exposed to the sun and never shaded. There is one thing essential to success—the sand must be kept in the condition of mud by frequent waterings. If once allowed to dry up, exposed to the sun as they are, the cuttings will quickly wilt, and the whole operation will be defeated. When the cuttings are rooted, they should be potted in small pots, and treated carefully by shading and watering for a few days.

**ROSE-BUGS.**—Roses will now appear in full bloom, and with the blossoms the rose-bugs will probably come. There are various methods suggested for saving the plants from the ravages of these pests. But if they are really effectual in driving them away from the rose-trees, the insects probably attack the young grapes and fruit instead, while they are left to increase and multiply at the rate of thirty to each female. The best and safest plan is to keep a constant and careful daily watch upon the flowers; to pick the bugs off carefully one by one and kill them, shake them into sheets and burn them, or into hot water and scald them. If one hundred female insects are thus captured in a single day, it will be seen that three thousand insects for the next year will be prevented, and it is possible in course of time to exterminate them completely.

Quassia, at the rate of two ounces to a gallon of water, boiled for twenty minutes, is recommended not only as a remedy against rose-bugs and other plant vermin, but it is said to be beneficial to the rose-bushes.

Whale-oil soap made into soapsuds is an excellent thing to destroy plant vermin of all kinds, syringing or sprinkling it over the leaves; but it must not be too strong, or it will injure the plants.

**VASES AND HANGING-BASKETS.**—It is not too late to continue the still further ornamentation of the garden. Terra-cotta vases and hanging-baskets are not expensive, and are a most desirable feature. But when even small expense is an item to be avoided, quite as tasteful effects can be produced without the slightest cost. Old buckets, cracked jars, worn-out tin pans, round and square wooden boxes, can all be pressed into service, their rough exterior hidden by a green screen of tendrils of one or more of the many vines and creepers, and the centre filled with verbenas, petunias, or some other bright-blooming flower. Morning-glories make a beautiful screen for the sides, *Lysimachia nummularia* (moneywort) is one of the best for vase and hanging-basket purposes; and there are many woodsides weeds that may be used to advantage in the same way. Cinqufoil is desirable, because of the beautiful colors its leaves assume early in the season; and ground ivy, which may be found almost everywhere, has a dense, graceful foliage that peculiarly adapts it to this purpose.

The extemporized vase, after giving a little time for the plants to adapt themselves to their new positions, can be mounted on a fence-post, on a pile of rock-work, or a rustic stand, and will be a thing of beauty

during the whole season. We have seen even a stump, that would otherwise have given an unsightly look to the garden, do excellent duty as a pedestal for such a vase.

Hanging-baskets are just as easy of construction. A cocoonut-shell suspended by a string makes a novel basket. Or take a dog or ox muzzle, or if these are not to be had, take old bonnet-wire and form it into bowl-shape; line the inside with fresh green moss gathered from the woods, and then fill up with rich wood mould mixed with sand and clay. If the wire is not stiff enough to keep in proper shape of itself, a flower-pot may be set inside. Plant any of the varieties of basket-flowers. Trailers that will hang for a yard or more are effective; so also are climbers that will twine around the strings which suspend it.

## JUNE.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

**S**HE comes—dear June—a maiden brown,  
Yet rosy as the blush of morn,  
With step as lightsome as the down  
O'er autumn's crisping meadows borne;  
A holy calm is on her brow—  
A mellow tinge of ripened thought;  
Her deep, dark eyes, that chastely glow,  
With love and tenderness are fraught.

As silk of corn her tresses fair—  
So smooth—so changeful in their hue;  
Her beauteous lips like rubies are,  
Or cherries moist with morning dew;  
Her breath is sweet as fragrant peas,  
Or roses fresh from summer's shower;  
Her voice is like the voice of bees,  
That humming woo the wild-wood flower.

That voice—its murmured music floats  
Through all the quiet realms of air,  
And night and day its gentle notes  
Fall soothing on the ear of care:  
It pierces through the busy hum  
That wraps the city in, and seems

To speak the whispered words that come  
From lips of angels seen in dreams.

Toil's pent-up, wan, and sad-browed child  
Hears, smiles, and opens his ear, athirst  
For sounds of far-off "wood-notes wild,"  
And waters that in cascades burst:  
And maidens that, with finger-tips  
All worn, sit fading day by day,  
A moment pause, with parted lips,  
To drink its murmurs as they stray.

The sick man hears it, and he quits  
His couch obedient to its call,  
To linger where the brown thrush flits,  
And shade and sunshine mingled fall;  
The brood of crime that in dark cells  
The outer world no more may see,  
Hear, and are gladdened, for it tells  
Of winds and waves that wander free.

The greetings of the poor are thine,  
Sweet June—of all that toil below;  
For thou dost not thy love confine,  
But blessings upon all bestow;  
The flowers in crowded courts that dwell  
Beside the laborer's sunless door,  
May never meet thy smiles, yet still  
Thy tears the drooping ones restore.

Then come, O heaven-born June! the woods  
For thee shall wave their branches green,  
And all earth's towns and solitudes  
O'erflow with happiness serene:  
Incense and song the calm-eyed hours  
Shall pour about thy way like rain,  
And childhood laugh from leafy bowers,  
As thy white feet skim o'er the grain.

And thou, O mild and thoughtful June!  
May'st teach a lesson all should know,  
That nearest, dearest is the tune,  
Where joy and sorrow tempering flow!  
That mirth and grief, and smiles and tears,  
By mingling make the heart most green—  
That he is blest, and blessing bears,  
Who keeps with thee the golden mean.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### SICKNESS.

**I**N scarcely any situation of life has woman so complete an opportunity for displaying the peculiar gentleness and tenderness of her nature, as when called upon to take her place in the sick-room. This position brings into active being the latent energy, the deepest feeling, the quickest perception, and strongest resolve. It is true that many are innately qualified for the office of nurse, and require but practice to bring into play such beautiful characteristics; yet not all are alike prepared to fulfil at once so high a duty, and, therefore, need advice and teaching. In view of such cases we venture a few remarks.

Forbearance is a virtue which characterizes a good nurse. Disease frequently impairs the disposition of an invalid, and renders him so sensitive and captious that it requires the strongest self-control to subdue impatience on the part of the person in charge.

Those who watch beside beds of sickness should study to command their countenances, and to avoid exhibitions of alarm, even under the most trying and painful circumstances; otherwise, they may endanger the life of the patient, and be the means of producing the most disastrous consequences. No tidings of either a pleasurable or painful nature should be suddenly and incautiously announced to an invalid; indeed, distressing news should be entirely withheld until the patient has recovered sufficient strength to bear the shock. Good news, if properly communicated, may be productive of favorable results, but should be calmly and gently told, *when allowed by the physician.*

Attention to punctuality in the administering of medicine and nourishment, is requisite on the part of a nurse, and is of no slight consequence. The orders of the physician should be strictly attended to, and the patient should receive whatever is designed for him, *precisely at the appointed period*, without any delay.

Firmness is another attribute of a good nurse. Weakened, mentally and physically by disease, the patient may, at times, desire improper, or too bountiful a supply of nutriment, and this should be gently, but firmly resisted, as, also, anything which may be injurious and inconsistent. After the severity of disease has passed by, and recovery takes place, it is then the duty of a nurse to administer to the mental condition of her charge, and provide a healthful and pleasing variety, thus rendering the time less irksome, and withdrawing the attention of the patient from himself.

As was before observed, full scope is afforded by illness for the display of estimable qualities and affectionate feelings, and, at such periods, bonds of union may be formed and strengthened of which we had no previous conception. A woman in the capacity of nurse—be she mother, wife, or sister—may be also made the blessed means of concentrating upon herself affections which may have strayed from their proper sphere, and of cementing family ties which have heretofore been scattered to the winds. And, far beyond all this, she may—if she is an humble follower of that meek and lowly One who went about doing good—lead the soul to seek for that *pearl of great price*, which, if gained, procures for us “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” And what happiness can be so perfect, so unalloyed, as that which ensues from duty well performed? What peace is equalled by that which arises from the sweet whisperings of the “still, small voice?”

The maladies of children are some of the most trying events which a parent is called to pass through. Solitude preys upon the heart, and often either overcomes all judicious firmness, or else unfits the mother for her place beside the little sufferer. But, notwithstanding that overflowing love which fills the heart of a tender parent, a reasonable degree of government must be exercised at such periods, both for the present and future well-being of the child. If children are over-indulged during times of sickness, they acquire habits which are rarely completely eradicated in after years, and peevishness and disobedience—like rank weeds—grow apace, rendering those around them unhappy, and they themselves to be unloved. Besides this, it is only by a habit of *perfect obedience* on the part of a child, and a previously acquired knowledge of the kind and judicious *firmness* of its parents, that it can oft times be induced to submit to such remedies as are *necessary*, and will consent to swallow the nauseous doses ordered for its benefit. It is only those who have been brought into frequent contact with children, who can fully appreciate these remarks, and comprehend the trial of ministering (during periods of illness) to uncontrolled and wilful little ones. Cultivate *perfect obedience* in your children, and you will have your reward.

#### HOT BREAD AND TEA CAKES.

**TEA BISCUIT.**—Eight tumblerfuls of flour, three tumblerfuls of sweet milk, four and a half teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, and butter the size of an egg. Sift the flour, and mix the butter and cream of tartar thoroughly through it; dissolve the soda in milk, and mix all lightly; roll out quickly, and bake in a quick oven.

**TEA CAKE.**—Three pounds of flour, and one pound of butter, well mixed together; a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of salaratus dissolved in a teacupful of sour milk, four eggs beaten light, and one and a half pounds of white sugar, beaten in with the

eggs. Mix the whole well together, and soften with enough sweet milk to roll it out (about a teacupful). Bake quickly.

**SALLY LUNN.**—Three eggs, butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk, spice to your liking, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Melt the butter in the milk; mix the sugar with the eggs; then mix all together, with enough flour to make a paste rather stiffer than for muffins. Stand it in the pan you bake it in until it becomes light; bake an hour. Rusk can be made the same way, only one egg less, and more flavor.

**WAFFLES.**—One quart of milk, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and some salt, rubbed into as much flour as will make a batter.

**PAN MUFFINS.**—One egg, one pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, some salt, and enough flour to make a thick batter. Melt the butter, and pour into it the eggs, well beaten. Add a cake of yeast. Make up your batter in the morning; bake it in tin pans.

**CATSKILL CORN BREAD.**—One quart of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, four eggs, and enough Indian meal to make it about the thickness of pound-cake. Bake one hour.

**ROLLS.**—One quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, some salt, and one egg broken into some yeast. Mix with milk or water; the dough must be quite soft. Work it well.

**BREAKFAST CAKE.**—One and a quarter pounds of flour, one spoonful of butter, two eggs well beaten, half a pint of sweet milk, and a spoonful of good yeast; when light, put it into a buttered pan. Bake for three quarters of an hour.

**BREAD AND ROLL.**—Warm a pint of milk; beat an egg as light as possible, and mix it with enough flour to make a batter as thick as for muffins; then put in with the egg one and a half tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, or a small cake of any yeast; put the dough to rise for two or three hours, and let the dough be soft; let it stand until it becomes light. Have ready a tablespoonful of butter or lard; rub the flour and lard lightly together, add a teaspoonful of salt; then put in rising (very little at a time); mix lightly as possible. Bake in a quick oven for a few minutes, and when light, work it a second time for a few minutes, with a very little flour. It can be made without egg, and with water.

**SALLY LUNN.**—Take four eggs, one pint of milk, one quarter of a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of flour, and one teacupful of sugar. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little sweet milk, and add to the milk butter and eggs. Put two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar into the flour, dry.

**NEW YORK TEA CAKE.**—Three pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, a tablespoonful of brandy, a teaspoonful of potash, a tablespoonful of caraway-seed. Mix together with milk into a soft dough, and bake the cake in a quick oven.

**STEAM BREAD.**—Slice stale bread, dip the pieces into cold water, and lay them on a hot griddle. Let them brown slightly on both sides. Butter them before serving them.

**SODA CAKE.**—Mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda, both well powdered, into a quart of sifted flour, and then rub into it half a teacupful of butter, followed by not quite a pint of sweet milk; add a pinch of salt. Roll out the dough, and cut it into small, round cakes, which must be baked on tins.



**CREAM CAKE.**—One quart of cream, four eggs, sufficient sifted flour to form a thick batter, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, and a spoonful of salt. Beat the eggs very light, and by degrees stir them into the cream; then add, gradually, enough flour to make a thick batter, and then put in the salt; dissolve the saleratus in as much vinegar as will cover it, and stir it into the mixture. Bake the cakes in muffin rings; send them to the table quite hot; pull them open, and butter them. For these cakes sour cream is better than sweet, but in this case use double the quantity of soda; the saleratus will remove the acidity, and the batter will improve in lightness.

**NEW ENGLAND, OR YANKEE CORN CAKE.**—One quart sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs, soda, and a little salt. Mix and add corn meal sufficient to make a batter as stiff as for pound cake, and bake in platters about one and a half inches deep.

**BACHELORS' PONE.**—Three eggs, well beaten, three half pints of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of strong yeast, and as much corn meal as will do for muffins. Scald half the meal with half the milk.

**WAFFLES.**—One quart of thick, sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, six eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and enough flour to make a rather thin batter.

**FLANNEL CAKES.**—The ingredients are one pint of sour milk, three eggs, a small lump of butter, a teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Warm the milk and butter, and beat the eggs.

**BREAD CAKES.**—The necessary articles are one pint of dry bread, one quart of sour milk, half a teacupful of butter, a teaspoonful of pearlsh, five eggs, and two and a half cupfuls of flour. Boil a portion of the milk, and pour it over the bread; then let it cool. Afterward add in the remainder of the milk, the eggs, and the flour.

**CORN BREAD.**—Stir into one quart of thick milk one quart of corn meal, five eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little boiling water. The saleratus must only be added just before the preparation is put into the oven. Pour into well-greased baking-pans, and serve it hot, cutting it into square pieces.

**TEA CAKE.**—One cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of new milk, three eggs, a small portion of saleratus, and enough flour to make as stiff a dough as for pound cake.

**BOILED PANCAKES.**—Make a batter of three eggs, a little salt, milk, and flour. Cut them through the middle, and roll them up similar to noodle-dough, when baked. Put into an iron pot a good lump of butter, a little saffron, some nutmeg or mace, a little salt, and as much water as will cover the cakes. When it boils, put in your cakes, and let them boil until they are hot throughout, and then dish them up. If you choose, you can sweeten them.

**WAFFLES.**—Mix together one pint of cream (half of it sour and the remainder sweet), a small quantity of sour milk, three eggs, soda, a little salt, cloves and cinnamon to your liking, and enough flour to thicken it. Beat the whole well together, and bake the waffles over a coal fire.

**SUGAR BISCUIT.**—Rub together with warm, sweet milk one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, and quarter of a pound of sugar. Add as much yeast as is sufficient to raise it; when risen, make it up into small cakes, and set it to rise again, adding caraway-seed, if you like them. Bake the cakes on tins, in an oven.

**RUSKS.**—The ingredients are one quart of sweet milk with the cream on it, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and enough yeast to make it rise. Mix the ingredients and set the dough to rise as you would bread. When risen, work it well into a loaf, and set it to rise a second time. When risen, make it into cakes, place them on tins, let them stand a short time, and then bake them.

**BREAKFAST CAKE.**—One quart sifted flour, one pint milk, three eggs, a lump of butter about the size of a walnut, and one gill yeast. Let it rise over night—to use for breakfast. Bake in a pan with a tube.

**LIGHT BREAD CAKES.**—One pint bread crumbs, four eggs, two thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one quart of sweet milk, boiling. Pour the milk over the bread crumbs, and when soft, add the soda, cream of tartar, and the yellow of the eggs, well beaten. Let stand until ready to bake, and then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten.

**MILK BISCUITS.**—Two pounds flour, two eggs, six wineglassfuls of milk, two wineglassfuls of brewer's yeast. Roll out and set to rise.

**YEAST BISCUITS FOR BREAKFAST.**—In the evening, take lukewarm water, and mix dough as for bread, adding yeast, salt, and shortening, the latter in the same proportions as for soda biscuits; knead well, and then put it in a warm place for the night; in the morning dissolve a teaspoonful of soda (for dough made with a pint of water) and strain it, or it will settle in colored spots in the bread; work it into the dough, and then roll it out and cut it with a sharp biscuit cutter, and set them to rise five minutes; or put them directly into the oven if moderately heated; these biscuits should be baked slower and longer than soda biscuits. These will be found very nice. Particular care must be taken that they are mixed stiff enough at first not to require the addition of flour, as this would render them heavy in proportion to the amount of unleavened flour.

**GOOD TEA BISCUIT.**—Two hours before tea, take the quantity of dough which a pint of water makes—dough, which is ready for baking into light bread, and place it in the kneading-bowl; add shortening the size of a large egg; spice, either cinnamon or nutmeg, a teaspoonful of the former or half of the latter; a teacupful of sugar, and the yolks of two and whites of one egg, and a teaspoonful of soda. Mix thoroughly, of course adding flour, until the dough can be kneaded; then make into biscuit and set to rise, which will require from half to three quarters of an hour. When perfectly light, bake in an oven with a moderate yet firm heat, and when done, open the oven doors and allow them to remain until the crust is a rich brown, which will be brittle. These are best when nearly cold.

**STEAMED INDIAN BREAD.**—One cup sweet milk, two cups of sour milk, three cups Indian meal, one of wheat flour, half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt. Pour into a two-quart kassin. Steam three hours.

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.**—Mix up some rich biscuit; roll out (about an inch thick) and bake; while hot (as soon as baked; split it as near the middle as possible; butter both pieces; then take fresh, ripe strawberries, and spread them on the under crust; the berries should be quite thick. Now put some sugar on the berries, all over them, and sweet cream if you have it (it will do without the cream, but is better with it). Put on the top crust and cover it with a cloth for a very few minutes. It is best eaten warm. It is delicious.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Young people, and those elderly persons so happily constituted as to retain in their hearts the freshness of youth, will find in a recent new publication much to charm and delight. We allude to Miss Alcott's *Old-Fashioned Girl*, published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. As a delineator of youth, such as it is, in its everyday phases, Miss Alcott has no rival. Every one of her juvenile characters is depicted with a naturalness and an artistic spirit that leave little to be desired. Her "Old-Fashioned Girl," to quote her own words, "is not intended as a perfect model, but as a possible improvement upon the Girl of the Period, who seems sorrowfully ignorant or ashamed of the good old-fashions which make woman truly beautiful and honored, and through her, render home what it should be—a happy place where parents and children, brothers and sisters, learn to love, and know, and help one another. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Turner & Co., 808 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have sent us a copy of one of their latest publications, entitled *Edward Wortley Montagu: an Autobiography*. This is a romantic, highly colored, somewhat sensational sort of a narrative, which we can hardly credit with being a genuine autobiography. Admitting its genuineness, however, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu was a person singularly unfortunate in having a bad father and a profligate mother, and in being himself a sorry wretch, whose great ambition seems to have been to defile the memory of his parents.

*The Six Cushions*, by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," is a pleasant English story, relating the various incidents connected with the working of six cushions, in Berlin wool, by a Sunday-school class of young girls, for the steps before the altar-rail of the parish church. It is not strictly speaking a religious story, though mainly intended for the moral instruction of young girls. Published by William V. Spencer, 203 Washington Street, Boston.

From Charles Scribner & Co., of New York, we have received through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, three additional volumes of their useful and enter-

taining "Library of Wonders," *The Sublime in Nature*, by Ferdinand de Lanoye; *The Sun*, from the French of Amédée Guillemin; and *Wonders of Glass-making in all Ages*, by A. Sauzay. The design of the first-mentioned of these volumes "is to direct the attention of young readers to the wonders of the planet on which we live, as seen and described by lovers of nature, who have looked on every feature of her ever-varying face." *The Sun* is an endeavor to place the main facts known to astronomers with regard to our great luminary in a popular and comprehensible form before the young reader. In *The Wonders of Glass-making*, we have the whole history of the art of making glass, together with interesting descriptions of the various purposes, whether for use or for ornament, to which that material has been applied.

From Loring, of Boston, we have received *Tales of European Life*. In these very readable tales, four in number, the author has embodied the memories of several years' residence in Europe, interweaving amongst the incidents of purely fictitious narratives descriptions of European customs, manners, monuments, and scenery. The same publisher sends us *Farming as a Profession*; or, *How Charles Loring Made it Pay*. This is an ingenious little story, in which sentiment and practical information are made to go hand in hand. As its author is T. A. Bland, the able and well-known editor of the *Northwestern Farmer*, the practical part of the tale can, in this instance, be relied upon. We have also from Loring, *Sorrento Wood Carving*, a brief description of what this fashionable, as well as fascinating, useful and ornamental accomplishment is, with practical instructions how to learn it. *Rational Temperance*, by Henry G. Spalding, pastor of the First Parish Church, Framingham. For sale in Philadelphia, by Turner & Co., 808 Chestnut Street.

*Trout Culture*, is the title of a neat pamphlet which we have received from the publishers, Green & Collins, Caledonia, N. Y. Edited by Seth Green, the first to practise fish culture in this country, it is intended as a manual for those who wish to raise trout.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### THE WORLD MOVES.

There are certain persons who dread any innovation of old customs and prejudices; and whenever this occurs, as in this fast age it is constantly occurring, they cry out against "the degeneracy of the times." There are no people now, if we may credit their word, so wise, so strong, so healthful, so industrious, and so beautiful as those of a few generations ago. "There were giants in those days;" there are only pigmies in these. The country is going to ruin, and Christianity is fast losing its hold upon the hearts of men.

We are very sorry for such people. Sorry for them for two reasons: first, because they must really be troubled at the tide of affairs, and because of the impotency of all their efforts to turn it back; and, secondly, because they have not the faith that they can safely leave the world in the hands of Providence,

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with an unwavering belief that Infinite Wisdom is without a flaw.

The signs of the times seem now to indicate an enlargement of the sphere of action for women; and there are those, of course, who look forward to its certain accomplishment, full of hope and joy; others who feel that when it is fully accomplished, so dire will be the results from it that, figuratively speaking, the heavens will fall, and the whole civilized world be involved in the ruin.

That the "woman question" is the question of the day there can be no doubt. Every paper is full of it, and there is no periodical so grave, so dignified, or so "heavy" but feels called upon to declare its position on the subject. It is not a subject of mere local interest, confined to the United States. It is discussed throughout Europe, and numbers among its advocates many titled and illustrious names.

In every reform there seems certain periods when progress is made more rapidly and more definitely than at others. Thus, in this reform, there has been taken almost simultaneously in England, and in a remote section of the United States, a similar advance step. In England, women possessing real estate have been accorded the right of voting at municipal elections, and many women availed themselves of this right during the last municipal elections. While in Wyoming Territory women have been admitted to an exercise of all the rights, privileges, and duties of citizenship; and in consequence, there are not only women voters, but women jurors and justices.

There are editors who, in discussing the matter, have expressed the belief that there is a certain class of cases in which it would be not only unpleasant, but highly improper for women to take any official part, and be obliged to listen to all their "disgusting details." But it seems to us that in any cases in which women are included either as plaintiffs, defendants, or witnesses, there can be no real harm or impropriety in women jurors, justices, or lawyers; and it is possible that were our courts subjected to the restraining presence and influence of pure women, it would be discovered that many of the "disgusting details" might be omitted altogether, as having no bearing whatever upon justice, and as only serving to pander to a prurient taste.

Whether this Wyoming experiment shall prove successful remains to be seen. There has been already one good effect at least from the induction of women into the jury room. Witness the *Laramie Sentinel* of March 7th: "Those who, like ourselves, were so unfortunate as to be on the last grand jury, will carry to their graves a recollection of the cold, smoky, and filthy place in which, for our sins, we were compelled to spend a couple of long, weary weeks. But, presto! now, behold! a neat, snug, well-furnished room, with a carpet under foot, and the walls neatly and tastefully ornamented with pictures and every preparation for the comfort of the ocean pants; and score one for the refining influence of female associations, even in a jury-room."

We have also on authority that the way of the transgressor is found to be especially hard since the appointment of women justices. We read: "If a man is up for drunkenness, he is given the full extent of the law, and no amount of pleading or promises will soften the judicial heart."

A writer in one of our exchanges says: "Whatever other women may do, the first women voters have used their new power on the side of sobriety and good order. The Secretary of State was given to the use of intoxicating drink to such an extent, as to render him unfit for the discharge of his duties. The women of Wyoming quietly sent a petition to General Grant, setting forth the facts with great particularity, and asked for his removal, and he was removed. This done, they are now taking the same steps to remove the marshal for the same cause."

It is to be hoped the women of Wyoming fully realize their responsibilities, and remember that the whole world is watching them, and ready to sit in judgment upon them; and will not allow the thing to be pronounced a failure through individual folly or incompetence.

Meanwhile those who are so fearful of women becoming "unsexed," should remember that men were created men, and women, women, with all their special traits, attributes, and capabilities; and that no circumstances nor occupation can ever alter or change one sex to the other. God does His work

better than that. Whatever is really unsuited to their capacities and contrary to their natures, women will be the first to find out. Indeed, they are the only proper judges in the matter.

In our present transitional state, it can do no harm that woman should have full opportunity to test her capabilities in all fields; and whatever she desires to do, and can do, without detriment to herself or others, the world will be the better for her doing.

#### HOW TO IMPROVE.

The following admirable letter from a student at college to his sister at home, is furnished us by a correspondent:

DEAR —: You have asked me to advise you about studying, and I'll do it, although "I am but nineteen." There are some things which you can always be studying. You don't need to go to school for them; you can study them everywhere. One of these is the study of "being a lady;" that is, a true one. You can't possibly be a lady in one place unless you are the same in another. Whatever you want to be you must be always, or you will never feel at ease. A lady is one who is always kind and gentle, never boisterous—one who strives to read every character to see how she can please—and then she pleases all.

You are forming your character now. Be careful to see your faults. Hate them, and fight them. Aim especially to form a ladylike character.

You ask me if you shall study Latin? Most assuredly, no—at least not now. You are out of school, and have a grand chance to study the art of conversation. Whenever you read a conversation, a good one, in a book, take care to watch it; see how it was brought up, and carried out. Then practise.

Now as to how you are to study. Be sure in every study that you take up that you have an object, and a good one. Now I want you to understand this especially, as you never can improve without it. In music, pick out a fault, and let your object be to conquer it, until you have done so. Then take another fault, and so on. When you have formed your style of playing, then let your object be to go on and make it as perfect (as a whole) as possible. First, however, take the faults separately, and whenever you practise keep your object before you. When you read a French book be sure to first pick out your object, and then keep it before you. When you draw, do it with an object, and keep it before you.

Now you don't need one minute more than eight hours sleep. I don't need more than seven, and I know your temperament resembles mine. So there are sixteen hours a day for you to be doing something. Now I am sure you can employ half that time in study. You say you are always being called away to do something. Well, pick out your hours when you are not likely to be called away. You would never be during the two hours before breakfast; and that is the best time in the day for study. You must put yourself under regular military discipline. Never allow your own feelings to stand in the way of your study, or you need never hope to succeed. Tell the other folks your hours, and make all promise not to disturb you.

If they call you, don't get angry; just let them call, and pity them. You owe a duty to yourself as well as to them, and the duty of study is as well for the sake of others as for yourself. Finally, be sure to read. It is the true way for a young lady to educate herself, namely, reading. Read carefully, and be careful what you read.

Look at that article in the August number of the *Young Folks* which I got you, and follow the advice there given. Now this is the most important point of my whole letter. Any one can get a good education by reading; but it must be done systematically and with an object.

Let the great object of your life be *perfection*, and don't mind what anybody says about its being impossible to be perfect. Moreover, keep this idea before you, that a person can make of himself anything he wishes to. A person with an object can always gain it, if it is a good one; but his motto must always be "Conquer," and he must never forget it, or despair.

#### WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the American Women's Educational Association was recently held in New York. A paper was read from Miss C. E. Beecher, on the subject of the education of women. It spoke of the ample means furnished for the instruction of young men throughout the country, but none for young women, and claimed that every State should have a woman's university. After the reading was concluded, it was resolved unanimously, "That the best interests of women demand the establishment of institutions for scientific and practical training, to prepare women for the nursery and difficult duties of the family state, and which shall be as liberally endowed as are the colleges and professional schools for men."

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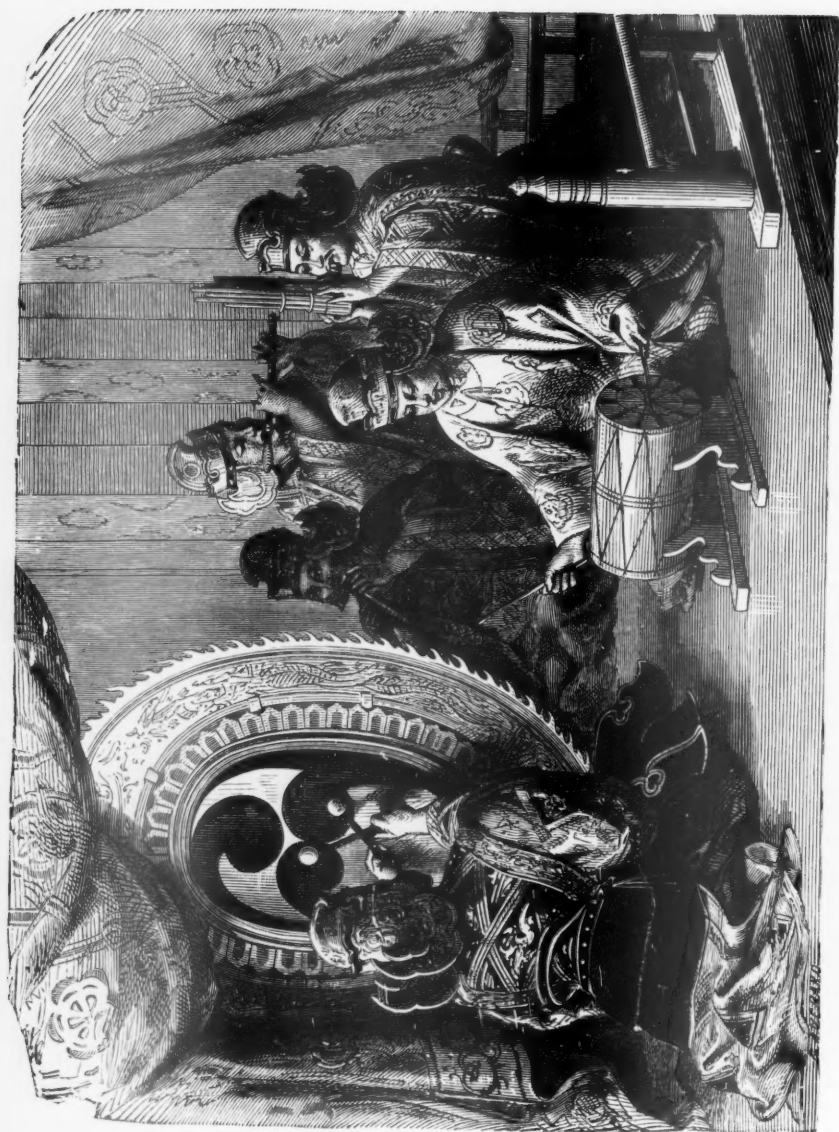
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By PROF. J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

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JAPANESE MUSICIANS.





**TATTING CASE, OPEN AND SHUT.**

The case is made of pieces of card-board of the shape seen in illustration. The pieces are then covered with scarlet merino. After they are joined together, they are worked around the edge with black silk. The inside of case has pieces sewed on for the tattling implements. It is fastened when closed with a button and loop, worked around in fancy stitch in black silk.



**EMBROIDERED SCISSOR SHEATH.**

**MATERIALS.**—Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, card-board, white kid, gray sewing silk.

The scissor case can be made of gray kid, cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred. Instead of embroidering with gold thread, purple silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroidery is worked in raised satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white card-board, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.



**INFANT'S FLANNEL SHOE, WITH KID**

This pretty little shoe is made of white round with button-hole stitch of red wool knitted with colored wool. Cast on for sufficient number of stitches with red wool upper edge, and work 16 rounds alternately knitted, 2 purled; then begin the striped. It is worked in plain knitting, 2 rounds with white wool, 2 rounds red wool, 2 rounds black. The sock is worked like a shorter and looser. The shoe is made double; it is embroidered with red wool. The lappets of the shoe are fastened with button and button-hole.



**SPECTACLE CLEANER**

Nothing damages an eyeglass or spectacle so much as wiping them with any harsh material. This small contrivance will be found the purpose. The shape is cut in paper and is covered with green silk, ornamented with a few fancy stitches; a little wadding the lining consists of either soft wash leather or white kid glove, the inside being the same as the outside. The edge is finished off with a piece of white kid.



WALKING-COSTUMES.

No. 1.—The founce on the lower skirt is eleven inches deep, and that on the upper under folds and ruchings are of the same width—one and a half inches. With these details and views, the costume can be easily arranged without further explanation.

No. 2.—An entirely new design for a walking-costume, to be made in black mohair with ruffles edged with narrow, black velvet, and black velvet buttons. The novel element of the ruffles on the skirt, which are placed only on the side gores, the front augmented with rows of velvet and black velvet buttons. The Polonoise is cut quite like the skirt. A plain, flowing sleeve, slashed on the sides, the front section being trimmed back with buttons and rows of velvet.



No. 1.—JENNIE SLEEVE.

No. 1.—A plain coat-sleeve, with deep cap cut round, caught up on top with bow at the wrist is very deep and pointed, and has three bows on the back. The whole is edged with two rows of velvet or braid.



No. 2.—THE OLLIVE SLEEVE.

No. 2.—A plain coat-sleeve, trimmed on the outer side with bands of velvet or silk, suitable for a walking-costume or any plain illustration. It is a very pretty sleeve, suitable for a walking-costume or any plain illustration.





COSTUME.

Dress of lilac silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a platted flower quilting. The upper one cut pointed at the side, and laid in a deep box-plait, open in the part puffed in a panier, trimmed with white lace, with a row of black over it, and a band with lappets, trimmed to correspond. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with a row of lace up and down of satin between.



EDGING.

## BLE.

us that "summer toilets overskirts, very bouffant an ever upon the street, introduction of crepe de ad the taste for yielding, if patent linings, to make far as simplicity and the it cut up, or cut into, or confined to ceremonious

one of three years ago—de in this style, and with

a. Ollivier—that of high-ut has intimated her de-

Some of the imported season are, however, very it size, an effect produced scarf veil or lace lappets,

with all toilets. They are

oses of every species and color: red, citron, white,

retofore. It now forms a This style is called the y large pansies. The cir- tter being full blown, not and blue lilac blended to- isies, combined with jon-

hey consist of flowers (as gold and enamel. They the form of a coronet or

the top.

aving.)

arranged in festoons, and cuff shape. Overdress of tuelles looped on the shoul- ach sash end, and on the

, with sailor jacket slashed f light green silk, headed med with a rouleau com- mers.

y edged and strapped with dress with Gabrielle front. White straw hat, trimmed

o be made of blue twilled aer belt with gilt buckle.

ern of the "Arthur" dress then, trimmed with narrow bands of the same material. hda are pointed at the up- cut away in the front.

rt trimmed with three nar- rily at intervals, and fis- to correspond. Overdress, distinct puffs at the back. of blue silk, and ruching

o dress is made of bright es, edged with narrow blue ivet. The outside garment hmer, trimmed with blue mmed with blue velvet.



CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.





BALL TOILETS.

No. 1.—Dress of sky-blue silk with narrow flounces, arranged *à la grecque* round the bottom; each flounce is fastened by a bow of satin, the same shade as the dress. Upperskirt trimmed with a gathered flounce and rounded behind. Low bodice with long basque in front, short and cut up behind, is trimmed with a gathered flounce and three satin bows, that at the waistband being larger than the other two; round berthe edged at the bottom with a graduated flounce, and at the top with lace. Long garland of flowers in the hair.

No. 2.—Rich toilet of white and cerise satin. The underskirt of white satin is trimmed *en tablier*, with three graduated flounces of lace headed with bands of cerise satin. Long tunic of cerise satin with revers on each side, trimmed with bands of white satin. Two similar bands of white satin surround the long train. Waistcoat bodice of cerise satin, with waistband and basque, edged with white satin. Fichu of tulle illusion and lace, forming a square berthe. Coiffure, *aigrette* of flowers and a long, white feather, falling to the bottom of the chignon.

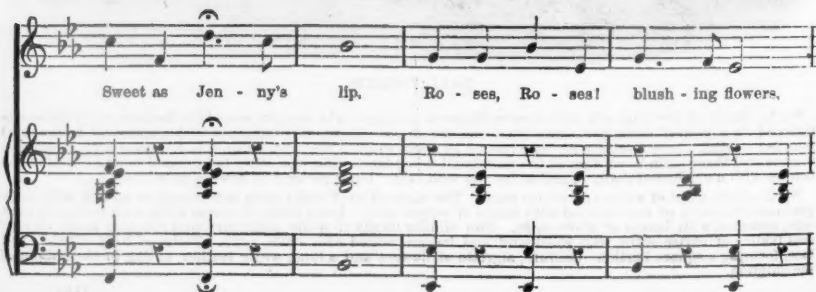
Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

ROSES FAIR AS JENNY'S CHEEK.

WORDS BY PROF. LONG.

MUSIC BY W. POWELL.

Moderato.





Born for earth's de - light, Who would hate a world like ours,

Where are things so bright? Who would hate a world like ours,

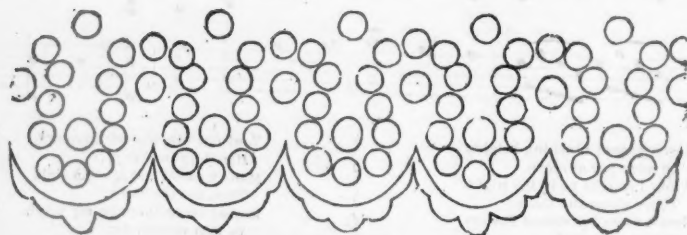
Where are things so bright?

Roses, roses! blushing bright,  
 Ye were fair at morn,  
 When I sought ye in the night  
 There alone the thorn!  
 Roses, roses! perished flowers,  
 Only born to fail,  
 Who would love a world like ours,  
 Where are things so frail?

Yes! our life, the common cry,  
 Has the roses' day,  
 Many a sweet and many a sigh,  
 Then to fade away;  
 Roses! strew them on my tomb,  
 Ye that wander by,  
 Like me living, if they bloom,  
 Like me, if they die.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.



EMBROIDERED EDGING.